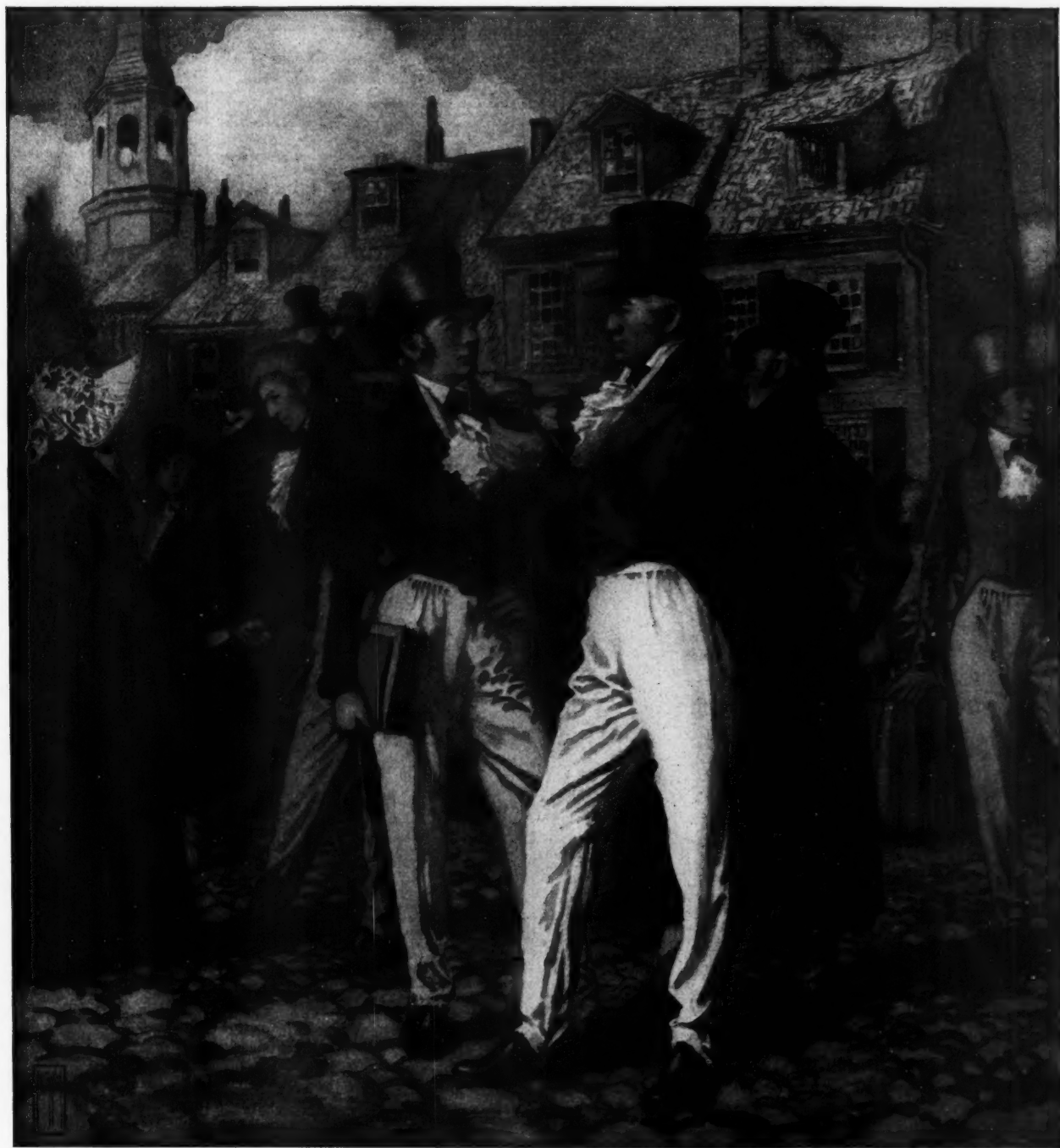


Historic Milestones

October 8, 1925

The YOUTH'S COMPANION



PAINTED BY FRANKLIN WOOD

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The YOUTH'S COMPANION

published weekly by

**PERRY MASON
COMPANY**

Publication Office
RUMFORD BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H.
Editorial and General Offices
8 Arlington Street, Boston 17, Mass.

Office of Postal Entry. Entered as second-class matter Nov. 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price. The subscription price of the Youth's Companion is \$2.00 a year, in advance, for the United States and Canada; \$2.50 to foreign countries.

Remittances. Make remittances by Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. No other way by mail is safe. Send all mail to the General Offices.

Change of Address. Give the old as well as the new address in asking for a change of address.

Manuscripts. Address manuscripts to The Editors, sending a stamped and addressed envelope.

THE MOUTH

THE mucous membrane that lines the mouth is exposed to a number of injuries and to infections of various kinds. It is not only the channel for food of every sort and quality—hot and cold, acid and peppery, hard and soft, sweet and spicy—but also a frequent receptacle for all sorts of things—pins, tacks, lead pencils, coins or strings—when the hands are otherwise employed. Smokers' lips hold pipestems, cigarettes and cigars, and the interior of the mouth, with the tongue, must withstand streams of hot tobacco smoke. Particles of food lodge between the teeth and afford a breeding ground for bacteria of all sorts, the temperature of the mouth being very favorable to their growth. The wonder is, then, not that the mouth is occasionally sore, but that it is not sore all the time.

Canker sores, little ulcers at the junction of the gums and the lips, are perhaps the most common of mouth troubles. They are owing to the presence of a minute fungus, the growth of which is favored by sugar, and they occur most often in those who eat a great deal of candy. Almost always the stomach is at fault at the same time. They usually go away of themselves in a few days, but their departure can be accelerated by rinsing the mouth with an astringent wash, or by touching the spots with a pointed stick of alum or of sulphate of copper.

These little ulcers are more painful and annoying when they appear on the tongue, and they usually take longer to heal. The treatment is the same, but special attention should be paid to correcting the stomach derangement that is certainly present, even if it gives no other evidence.

Inflammation of the gums is not uncommon. That is manifested by a spongy condition of the tissues, a tendency to bleed easily, and sometimes by the presence of pus, which can be forced out by a little pressure along the gums. It may be caused by an insufficient use of the toothbrush, by too much soft food, by poor mastication, by mouth breathing, by rough use of the toothpick—in short by anything that works against the hygiene of the mouth. Treatment consists in correcting bad eating habits, cleansing the teeth frequently, using a good astringent and antiseptic mouth wash after each meal and giving a vigorous massage to the gums with the brush when the teeth are cleaned.

"HONEST JACK FULLER"

"THE tremendous John Fuller," as he was called by Wilberforce, "honest Jack Fuller," as he called himself, is probably a person few Americans have ever heard of, yet he once made a speech in Parliament that it can scarcely be doubted is oftener quoted in America, as well as in England, than the most eloquent utterance of Pitt or Burke. For it was in the peroration of a speech otherwise forgotten that Fuller—who was a "tremendous" Tory—adjoined his partisans and fellow Tories to action in a phrase that may fairly be said to have passed into the English language as the standard expression of a "tremendous" triple emphasis: "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."

Honest Jack, or tremendous John, Fuller

is described in a volume of recently republished reminiscences by a resident of his county as having been a rather rustic, coarse and obstreperous person, with small knowledge of the arts, graces and refinements of life. His native place was Brightling in Sussex.

The story goes, writes his fellow countryman of that county, that once upon a time the leading man of the church choir asked Squire Fuller to give a musical instrument or two to assist in the singing. He promised when next in London to see to it, and he took the way to be right by applying to the shopkeeper at the music store for advice in a matter of which he was entirely ignorant.

The man of melody recommended a bassoon.

"Send a dozen!" shouted the patron, and out of the shop he bolted; and down to the village of Brightling, in Sussex, addressed to the churchwardens, came a case containing twelve bassoons for the free use of the choir, more to the chagrin than the delight of the rustic singers. Fancy, the first time the squire appeared again in church, twelve bassoons in a circle in the gallery, each man doing his best with the coy but stubborn instrument! I would rather be away in the fields. However, the gift showed good-nature, which is akin to charity, and that virtue covereth a multitude of sins. So we will suppose the old squire to have been as good a man as many among his fellows, his neighbors and his contemporaries.

WHEN THE ECLIPSE CLIPPED

WHEN I was a boy, living with my parents near Waterloo, Iowa, writes a Companion reader, we had some Scandinavian neighbors living across the road from us. They were excellent neighbors, kind-hearted and obliging, honest and hard-working, but with very little education. There was to be an eclipse of the sun on a certain day one summer. Naturally, people were discussing it in advance, and neighbor Lars and his good wife had heard it talked about, though they had not much comprehension of what it was all about.

During the forenoon of the day of the eclipse the wife rushed across the road and excitedly informed my mother that "de clips is comin'; I hear it clippin'!"

Curious to learn what had caused the good woman's excitement, mother stepped out of the house to look and listen.

"Don't you hear it clippin'?" earnestly exclaimed our neighbor.

Then it dawned on mother's comprehension what she meant. In a field a half-mile away, but out of sight of either house, mother heard the click of a mower where some neighbor was mowing hay. The "clip" of the knives was "de clippin'" that our good neighbor had connected in her mind with the mysterious eclipse of which she had heard so much and understood so little.

POMPOUS PROLIXITY

ALWAYS speak and write simply, clearly, naturally and to the point. So, in a recent issue, advises the Engineer, in language excellently suited to emphasize its good advice:

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations or in articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversation possess clarified conciseness, compacted comprehensiveness, coalescent consistency and concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations, flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous decantations and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity and ventriloquial verbosity.

"In other words, speak truthfully, naturally, clearly, purely. Don't use big words."

INGRAINED HOSTILITY

THE proverb about leading a horse to water is illustrated by this story of two old women, living in an English village, who had sustained a mutual quarrel with zest for many years.

After taking an immense amount of trouble, says Sunbeams, the vicar of the parish succeeded in reconciling the two old women. He even induced them to meet under the vicarage roof. In his drawing-room they shook hands. After an embarrassed silence one of them said:

"Well, Mrs. Tyler, I wish you all you wishes me."

"An' who's saying nasty things now?" snapped Mrs. Tyler.

THE OLD SQUIRE'S GREAT-GRANDSON

By C. A. Stephens

I. WHEN HALSTEAD RAN AWAY

YSABEL MARIA PILAR DE CARANZA—my cousin Halstead's mother—was the daughter of a Spanish merchant at Matanzas. Her mother was a Creole from Vera Cruz, in Mexico. The circumstances of her marrying Uncle Coville—Halstead's father—were peculiar.

Away back in 1850, at the age of twenty-four, Uncle Coville was captain of a schooner in which the Old Squire had helped him buy an interest, and made voyages from Portland to Cuban ports, with hogshead shook, bringing back molasses, brown sugar and tobacco. I never saw him, but he was said to have been a lively, attractive young fellow, energetic, handsome, prone to jokes and to singing sea songs, and a good dancer. Often he was a guest of Señor José de Caranza at Matanzas, and the result was that the Señorita Ysabel, then scarcely more than sixteen, fell violently in love with him, and on the evening of the sailing of the schooner she left home clandestinely to join him.

Uncle Coville told the Old Squire afterwards that he had never had a thought of marrying her and had merely paid her the attentions in her father's house that a guest might be expected to pay. He was as much astonished as anyone and a good deal upset when the girl came aboard, flung her arms round his neck and begged to go with him. She was beautiful, impetuous and wildly affectionate. Suddenly, rashly, Uncle Coville resolved to let her come away with him and to marry her; and they were married by a justice of the peace as soon as the schooner reached Portland.

Uncle Coville's life-long troubles began then and there. His young wife proved a creature of ungoverned impulses, emotions and imprudences. There was no predicting what she would do if the freak or impulse seized her. They lived in Portland for a year. Uncle Coville brought our Aunt Ysabel home to the old farm but once. Later they went to live in New Orleans.

In justice to Uncle Coville it should be said that he stood by his wife, thus imprudently acquired, with steady New England loyalty, to the end. He accepted the consequences of his error and never complained, even to his own family.

In the spring of 1860, while Uncle Coville was away on a voyage, Aunt Ysabel left little George Halstead to be cared for in a Creole family where they had lived and went home to her people at Matanzas. Uncle Coville made no effort to have her return; he wrote to his parents that Ysabel had come to him of her own accord and that if she wished to leave him she could do so without let or hindrance on his part. Two years later she died during the cholera epidemic at Matanzas.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Uncle Coville sold his schooner to be used as a mortar vessel for the reduction of the forts below New Orleans. A few weeks later he brought little George Halstead home to the

old farm, preliminary to enlisting himself in the naval service of the government. That was the last time he ever came home. He lost his life in the naval battle at Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.

The spring of 1871 was a backward spring. Snowdrifts not half melted away lay in the lee of the fences and stone walls. People still went out with sleighs and sleds along the icy roads. For several days the mornings had

cried. "They are so happy round their box. They are peeping at the hole, looking their house over, to see how it had stood the winter. I'm so glad it's spring again!"

"But, oh, boys! You should hear the bees inside the hives out there under their shed," she continued. "They are roaring, they want so to get out! First, all will be as still as can be; then one bee will begin to buzz, then another, and then they all take it up

maples of the Aunt Hannah lot that we boys climbed the trees and scraped it off the limbs. Bees eagerly seek such tree tops. Often of a warm spring afternoon I have heard the maples hum with bees, like apple trees in full bloom.

Theodora turned to the Old Squire. "Couldn't we let the bees out a little while, this morning?" she pleaded. "They've been shut up all winter, poor things—and they don't know it's Sunday."

"Perhaps," he said, smiling. "If it gets warmer and the wind doesn't change. But it's risky for them, while there is so much snow on the ground and that long drift is in front of the beehive. They'd get tired flying home from the lot, and if they settle on snow they chill and perish almost instantly."

"Couldn't we cover over the snowdrift with dry boards," said Theodora, "so that if the poor tired bees light there they can crawl on into their hives?"

"That wouldn't be a bad plan," said the Old Squire. "We will let out two hives, by and by. After you get the chores done, boys, you may fetch some of those smooth, planed boards from the wagon-house loft and lay them close together over that drift before the beehouse. It will not be much work and may prove merciful to the bees. Then we will let them out."

"Halse might help fetch those boards down," I said to Addison.

"That's so," exclaimed Addison. "It is time he was up and had his breakfast like other folks. Nell, run up to sleepyhead's door and rouse him."

"Maybe he isn't well this morning," interposed Theodora.

"He was well enough last night," I said. "He was tearing round in his room till long after eleven o'clock."

Thereupon Ellen went up to Halse's door. She too wanted him to get up and eat his breakfast and be out of the way, so that she could clear the table and wash the dishes.

She came hastily back downstairs just as Addison was going out. "Halse isn't there," she said. "He has got up and gone somewhere."

"What, gone off without his breakfast?" grandmother said in surprise. "Why, he hasn't had his breakfast yet!"

Addison glanced toward the Old Squire, but went out to the stable without saying anything; and I followed him.

A good many difficulties had arisen of late between us and Halstead, things we did not like to speak of to the Old Squire or grandmother, or even to the girls. All the time we were working up the year's fuel—the stove wood and fireplace wood—in the kitchen yard Halstead had been in one of his bad moods, indulging in a great deal of wild talk about what he would or wouldn't do. Addison and I paid little attention to it. Halstead had an idea that he was terribly hard-worked, that he had always done more than his part at the Old Squire's, and that he ought to be paid wages, by the month. He had been harping on that strain for weeks, till we were so out of patience with him that one day, as we were splitting stove wood,



DRAWN BY HAROLD SICHEL

It seemed to me I had never seen him look so pale or so stern

been very sharp, with the snow hard crusted; yet broad bare spots were beginning to show in the fields and pastures. On a certain Sunday morning the sky looked mellow and mild; even before we were up we heard a robin chanting loud and clear in the balm of Gileads and two bluebirds chirping cheerily about their old nest box on a high post of the garden fence.

Addison and I had been doing the barn chores alone that morning, wondering a little and somewhat resentful because Halstead had not made his appearance to help us. On a Sunday morning and sometimes on other mornings he was prone to sleep over, purposely we thought. For a year or more he had roomed alone; neither Addison nor I quite liked to room with him; he often talked and jabbered in his sleep and sometimes sprang up, shouting.

Theodora had been out to hear the robin, watch the bluebirds and have a run on the snow crust, from one bare spot to another. She came in with cheeks aglow, just as we sat down to breakfast. "Oh, those dear little bluebirds! You ought to see them!" she

cried. "They are so happy round their box. They are peeping at the hole, looking their house over, to see how it had stood the winter. I'm so glad it's spring again!"

"That's because they smell the honey sap in the maple tops over the sugar lot," said Addison.

"What, away over in the Aunt Hannah lot?" cried Ellen, laughing. "Do you believe, Ad, that a bee can smell so far?"

"Yes, I do," rejoined Addison. "A bee can smell sweets a mile off—and there are tons of that honey sap now, in all the maple woods of New England."

I remember looking at Addison in surprise, when he said "tons"; but I now know that he was not far wrong. The sharp cold snaps of our northern winters open millions of tiny cracks in the bark of innumerable sugar-maple twigs. From these the sap slowly exudes, when spring comes, and soon there will be distilled a tiny drop of nectar, which bees dearly love, since it is the purest of maple sirup. Sometimes there was such quantity of honey sap in the big old rock

Addison told him what he thought about it. "Halse," said he, "you have never half earned your board and clothes here. You have been more trouble and expense to the old folks than all you've done was worth—twice over!"

How angry Halstead was, and how he ran on! Yet it is not worth while to repeat what an angry boy said or what he threatened to do. We merely laughed. Time and again we had heard him go on in just that way. He was in one of his "bad fits." Generally after a "bad fit" he would have a "good fit" and do pretty well for perhaps a month.

At the stable Addison and I went on doing the morning chores for some time and were feeding and watering the horses when Theodora came out.

She had been crying. "O boys!" she exclaimed. "I'm afraid Halstead has run away!"

Addison went on dipping out corn into the provender boxes. "It would not surprise me much," he said. "Halstead is getting to be a bad boy, and it's a shame after all the folks have done for him!"

"No, he isn't really bad," Theodora protested. "Sometimes he is very tender-hearted. You know he is. But, O dear!" she lamented. "I don't see what makes him so unsteady."

"Unsteady!" exclaimed Addison, impatiently. "He needs discipline."

Theodora tried faintly to apologize for Halstead. "You know he thought he had worked very hard and done more than his part, and that wages were due him," she reminded us—at which Addison and I merely snorted our indignation.

We finished the chores and went back into the house. The breakfast table stood as we had left it. The Old Squire and grandmother had been upstairs to have a look at Halstead's empty room and see what clothes he had gone away in. Not only his best suit was gone, but many of his other clothes. He had had a valise in his room, and it was not to be found.

The old squire then bethought himself to look in a desk in the sitting room where he kept a pocketbook containing money for the family expenses. Breathlessly we watched him unstrap it and count the money. Grandmother too sprang to her feet and approached him.

For a moment the Old Squire stood thoughtful, reflecting on the money I suppose, so as to be sure, then counted it again and drew a long breath. It seemed to me I had never seen him look so pale or so stern. But all he said was, "There are thirty dollars gone."

Grandmother dropped back into her chair, quite unnerved. "I can't believe it!" she sobbed. "I can't believe he would do such a thing! I know he would never steal!"

We were all badly upset.

Out of the pocketbook half a sheet of paper had dropped on which Halstead had written the following farewell notice:

"I ought to have as much as thirty dollars for my work, and I took it. It was only fair. Nobody need trouble about me. I have lived here as long as I want to, and I shall never come back."

When that was read, grandmother's tears flowed afresh.

All the while Theodora was attempting, whenever she could get in a word, to explain and palliate what Halse had done, on account of his long-standing grievance as to the value of his work and his notion that he ought to be paid wages. "I am sure Halstead wouldn't really steal," she said, over and over. "He wouldn't take money anywhere else"—which probably was true. She could not better matters much, but she did her best for the erring one. "Oh, I do wish we had all been more thoughtful and kinder to him!" she exclaimed; and that bore on Addison and me much harder than we liked to admit even to ourselves.

The bees were wholly forgotten; they no doubt went on roaring for release from their hives; but in the usually happy hive of our old farmhouse there was now commotion which quite eclipsed that at the bee shed. Dinner and supper passed gloomily. Grandmother and the Old Squire scarcely spoke. We had never seen them so silent. Afterwards, as night fell, they sat for some time in the sitting room, with the door closed, but by and by they called us in. Hitherto they had never spoken to us of our Aunt Ysabel from Cuba. But now—as if they had agreed together that something ought to be told us—first grandmother, then the Old Squire, spoke of her and related the facts I have already told.

TO BE CONTINUED.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

By Sally Adams



DRAWINGS BY
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

Aunt Sarah. "She couldn't be artistic enough."

"Oh, I don't know about that," protested Fay's prospective mother-in-law. "Fay would rather enjoy taking hold of a commonplace thing and making it over according to her own ideas. And people do say she's a good interior decorator."

"I should go crazy in a room like that one she told you about, with black—"

"Excuse me, Aunt Sarah, I'll have to fly. The new secretary mustn't be late the first morning."

Mrs. Morrow kissed Janet for good luck. Hat and handbag flew into place. She was off in a delicious flurry of excitement—her new job, her new clothes, the noon wedding of her girl chum in prospect and, last of all, the possibility that Otis and Fay might soon be established close by.

Otis had carried the heavier share of the family burdens ever since their father died. He had stuck to his post all through Janet's high-school days, when she could earn nothing. It was only now, when she had made her own entrance into business life as Mildred Ely's assistant, that he had consented to let his mother take Aunt Sarah to board and so make possible his own withdrawal of financial responsibility. He had done his duty like a man, and it was time he had a chance to think of himself and his own desires. Aunt Sarah could afford to pay a fair price for board, and—well, if you had a sense of humor, you could put up with her temperament.

Janet had forgotten Aunt Sarah before she reached the office, but Miss Pond made her think of the older woman, for Miss Pond, though not yet thirty, had, along with a brusque, curt way of speaking, an air of general dissatisfaction with life and the world. It was an open secret in the office that she had wanted the secretarial position with Mr. Carleton, but Mildred had recommended Janet as her successor, and the president had consented to give the younger and newer member of the staff a trial. It was not the easiest thing in the world, that Monday morning, to appear unconscious of the situation and serenely matter-of-fact in donning Mildred's mantle of leadership in some of the trifling details of the room shared by three girls with three machines. But it was necessary that she should explain matters of office routine to the new assistant, partly because Miss Pond's own work (for the general manager) was quite distinct from the rest, and partly because, when the new arrival who had come to take Janet's place did innocently ask Miss Pond any question, the query was referred to Janet with polite but icy emphasis. Miss Pond's name was Dora; she signed it "D. S. Pond," and a breezy young person in the filing department had long ago nicknamed her "Despond."

"It's quite evident that one salary has been raised," observed Miss Pond, after an interval of silence.

"Aren't you going to Mildred's wedding too?" asked Janet. "I am sure it is understood that any of us may take a bit of extra time this noon."

"Can't afford wedding garments this summer. My niece Dorothy has flunked her exams again; I've got to pay for two months' tutoring. That's what you get by being the unmarried aunt in a large family. Aunt Dora's just a convenient resource in emergencies. I'd like to see one of them ever do anything for Aunt Dora!"

Miss Pond slid a sheet of paper into her machine with exquisite precision and set to

work with an air that defied reply or comment. She did unquestionably fine work. Somebody who had known about her college life said that she had made a brilliant record. She was believed to have an exceptionally good mind. Everybody agreed about her ability—but nobody liked her; she did not let anybody like her. Janet felt actually apologetic over her own good fortune as she realized how much better Miss Pond was equipped for a business career. And she wondered about the older girl's family cares. Certainly the Morrows themselves had to do punctilious planning to make both ends meet.

Mr. Carleton had his own special manners and customs. He came in each morning a little later than the regular office staff. The wide, flat-topped desk in his private office had always been completely cleared the night before by his secretary. Each morning the secretary saw to it that the room (professedly cleaned to perfection during the evening) was brought to a state of super-perfection as regarded order and immaculate freedom from dust or ink spots. Strictly private correspondence was placed, unopened, in a neat pile in a certain place on the desk. Two large leather folios held the opened mail ready for his attention: unfinished business in the green. Letters and other papers referring to completed business were delivered to the filing department each morning before the chief's arrival.

Mr. Carleton was in a genial mood that Monday morning. His usually impassive face seemed that morning positively kindly. He remembered about the wedding at St. Mark's and told Janet to take whatever time she needed. The mail seemed to bring no impossibly difficult demands. Janet did not have to ask that anything should be repeated in the course of his rapid dictation; she remembered correctly the contents of a certain letter received two weeks before; and she obtained some needed information from another department with most fortunate promptness. The new era opened very well.

Noontime was a beautiful blur of white lace and roses and music and stained-glass windows, followed by a chatterboxy luncheon with three others of the office staff. Then the rest of the day was crowded to the brimming point. Mr. Carleton went out a little earlier than usual.

"Canfield and Hardy will call me up about eleven tomorrow," Janet made a memorandum. "And I must see Bainbridge Wednesday in regard to the extension lease." Another note. "You understand about the two different forms of signature for the rest of my letters?"

"Miss Ely explained that," said Janet. "I understand."

The tall, gray-haired president strode out, but the secretary had a good deal more to do. It was amazing to see how the desk in the private office, and even an adjoining table, could change their aspect in the course of a few hours. The level spaces that had so short a time before been almost painfully neat and orderly were now covered with a wildly heaped mixture of letters old and letters new, letters answered and letters unanswered, memoranda of every sort, in every form, belonging in all sorts of different places. It was what Mildred had called a "Carleton pudding." Janet blessed the vanished bride for every word she had said in explanation, interpretation and friendly warning. She gathered up the confused heap of papers to be reclassified. She put back in place such few things as belonged permanently in the presidential desk. She gave some routine letters to her assistant and wrote the more important ones in person, reading them over with eyes sharp for any

possible slip and feeling on the whole well pleased with her beginning.

The assistant lingered to ask a question or two, and Miss Pond stood by, putting on her hat with a faint smile—was it scorn for Janet's necessarily instructive attitude?

Janet within herself stoutly refused to feel disturbed. It was quite right for her to be giving Miss Denison points, and maybe the half-smile had no really ill-natured meaning. They exchanged the usual good-nights, and Janet hurried to overtake Marjorie Hastings, the presiding genius of the files.

After dinner that evening Otis and his fiancée came in beaming with joyful plans. They had secured that third-floor apartment; they were to be married in time to use Otis's vacation for their wedding journey. It was a gay home evening, with a feeling of all sorts of delightful things about to happen.

The next morning Miss Pond was still grave and silent; the new girl seemed not quite so quick as she had been at first. On the stroke of nine Janet was at work, reducing the "Carleton pudding" of the day before to order, in readiness for Tuesday's work. There were the papers relating to completed business, in a pile by themselves, ready to be turned over to Marjorie in the filing room. There were some new letters that Mr. Carleton had not yet seen at all. There were the papers bearing on affairs still pending: questions awaiting final decision, matters about which something had yet to be looked up; all right. No—was it quite all right? It seemed to Janet that there ought to be one more paper there—rather, two more papers, a letter from Hartshorn Brothers and a sheet of memoranda that went with it: a sheet of yellowish paper, different from the letter itself. Janet seized her notebook and ran hurriedly over the heads of the Monday letters. Yes, it was as she remembered; she had merely acknowledged the letter over Mr. Carleton's signature and promised a full reply to follow. But where on this earth were the Hartshorn letter and that attached memorandum?

Janet ran through all three piles of papers once more. She searched every drawer of her own desk and—though it seemed foolish—every drawer in the desk of her superior. She got the office boy to move both desks so that the floor might be inspected below them. Miss Pond showed no sign of interest. Janet could hardly believe that so dismaying and perplexing a thing had actually happened, and on her second day! The dictionary, the telephone book, every commonplace thing that had been handled or might have been handled the day before, was examined. Not a trace of the lost papers.

Janet knew perfectly well that the missing correspondence could not have fallen into a wastebasket; Mildred had early taught her to be on guard against that calamity. All the same, she sacrificed her pride and flew down to the basement to ask the janitor about the disposal of yesterday's rubbish. She was just in time to search a dusty bin full of unattractive scraps, but the result was as she expected. There was no sign of the Hartshorn letter or the sheet of yellowish paper.

She had sung that morning while she dressed, and Aunt Sarah had called to her rather sharply, "Don't you know that if you sing before breakfast you'll cry before supper?" Mr. Carleton was known to be as hard as nails in regard to anything that he considered actually stupid or careless. Her beautiful new salary, which had promised such dazzling prospects! And all the plans for running the seventh-floor apartment independent of Otis, so that Otis might have his chance! How could she ever face her family and tell them she had lost her job?

It was almost time for Mr. Carleton to come. Janet made his desk ready. She flew to the filing-room and begged Marjorie to see if, by any impossible combination of mischances, the Hartshorn

letter had been sent prematurely to the file. Then, in default of anything better to do, she began to leaf-over each volume in a low bookcase in the private office. She was doing this when Mr. Carleton arrived, somewhat preoccupied and stiff, and he gave her no chance to open the perplexing question. With the briefest "Good morning," he sat down at the desk, seized the folio of unfinished business and began shuffling over its contents.

"First of all, Miss Morrow, that letter of Hartshorn—what's the matter? I don't find it. Please take pains about these waiting letters; they should be here together, each morning. I supposed Miss Ely had told you about that. It isn't here—well, get it, wherever it is."

"I knew it was not there," said Janet. "I haven't been able to find it this morning. Could you—possibly—have done something with it yesterday?"

Mr. Carleton flung her one glance of amazed irritation and made no reply. "Tell Miss Hastings to see if it has been filed," he ordered curtly.

Janet went back to the filing-room. "Of course it isn't here; I told you so once," said Marjorie. She had been up very late the night before, her shoes pinched, and a wisdom tooth was giving murderous thrusts of pain every few minutes.

"But please look again. Look in all the places where it simply couldn't be! Honestly, Marge dear, I cannot imagine what has happened. Miss Denison has helped search everywhere in our room."

"And Despond hasn't any idea?"

"She hasn't said a word. Of course she knows how serious it is. No, she doesn't know anything about it."

"I'm not so sure of that," snapped Marjorie, a bit viciously. "I've no use for that Gertie Gloom over there in your room. She's jealous because of your promotion,—everybody knows that,—and it would be just like her to put a tack in your new tire."

"Oh, no!" protested Janet. "She doesn't like me much, but I know she wouldn't be up to any trick like that."

"Well, just you wait and see." When Janet returned to her employer, he looked up with a very cold, "Well, Miss Morrow?"

"Miss Hastings is searching the files again, Mr. Carleton, but she had looked before. She says she is sure that it never came to her hands. Do you think that—"

Mr. Carleton, dignified and elegant as he was, had certainly got out of bed on the wrong side that morning. He was too old to be having a wisdom tooth coming, like Marjorie. On the other hand, so Janet

managed to remember, the delay in getting at the missing papers might mean some very serious trouble to the firm. "Look through your own desk, and use your head. You have done something with those papers. I left them on my desk last night. You remember, I suppose, writing yesterday to promise a full reply today."

"Yes, Mr. Carleton; and I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought. Take these letters now, and then hunt till you find the Hartshorn memorandum. I must have it before noon."

It was a black morning, Miss Pond, busy about her own work, hardly spoke. The new girl forgot all her instructions in regard to letter margins and had to do several pages over. Janet racked her brains, but in vain. She could not help believing that Mr. Carleton himself had done something with the missing documents. She was certain they could not have been in the confused mass of papers from his desk, which she had sorted that morning in the prescribed order of work. It was difficult to imagine how anything could have happened to the papers over night. Important as they were to Mr. Carleton and his correspondent, they had no interest or value for other people.

The papers had not come to light when noon came and the president went out.

Miss Pond had the noon hour, and the holder of Janet's position was expected to wait until the other returned, so that there might always be some responsible person within call. The new assistant slipped out, careless and gay, leaving Janet with a possible minute to wait. She did not mind cutting the lunch hour a little short that day; it gave her another chance to search the private office. Once more she went through every drawer and crevice of Mr. Carleton's desk, even pulling each drawer completely out, to detect any possible crumpling of a paper behind the rear wall. No results.

And yet, she was not free to go out, for Miss Pond was still absent. That was almost unheard-of; the accurate worker was also a model of punctuality. Janet's head began to ache with weariness and worry. The delay made her feel that life was rather hard—in spots.

Miss Pond was almost half an hour behind time. When she did come in, she glanced at the clock, said, "Sorry to keep you waiting," and went to work again as calmly as if she were a part of her own machine—no, not really quite calmly, for, in spite of her steady click-click-clickety-click-click, there was an unusual flush in her cheeks, and she half-smiled to herself, as if something had happened.

When Janet herself came back after a very hurried makeshift luncheon at a

cafeteria Mr. Carleton was talking with the general manager. She wondered whether he was saying he must have a different secretary. As he returned from the manager's office she laid a handful of newly typed letters on his desk.

"Well, Miss Morrow?"

"It has not yet come to light, Mr. Carleton. I wanted to ask—"

He was in no mood to be asked questions. "Here," he said. She waited. He was stuffing into one pocket of his coat some papers just given him by the general manager. They were almost too bulky for that pocket, it seemed, though not really voluminous. There was a small book in the pocket—a little volume of statistical tables. He pulled it out and handed it over to the girl who stood very straight and rather white before his desk.

"Put this away. And now once more—that Hartshorn letter positively must be found. I don't want to have to telegraph them for a duplicate just because a heedless—"

Janet had almost automatically begun to leaf-over that book, as she had the telephone directory and so many others. And her eyes grew big. She held the little volume towards him. There between the cover and the flyleaf, pressed flat and tight, lay two papers, folded together: the Hartshorn letter and the yellow sheet of memoranda.

Marjorie Hastings was passing the open door at that moment. She declared afterwards that the dignified Mr. Carleton used a very undignified expletive that showed he must have been brought up among the plainest of country people. If he did so, Janet never even heard it. She was thankful; she was afraid she might be going to cry. But she did not cry. Marjorie was also a valiant witness to that fact.

It was all very simple. Mr. Carleton had meant to consider certain facts at home the night before; had had no time; had forgotten his preparations.

"I'm sorry," he said, actually flushing with embarrassment, "I'm really very sorry, Miss Morrow. I've given you a pretty bad morning, but you've kept your head. I—I really am very sorry." And he took those fateful Hartshorn papers and marched with them straight to the general manager's office.

When the long and trying day was over Miss Pond deliberately dallied over trifles, so as to be left alone with Janet after the other girls had gone.

"I want to say something to you, Miss Morrow—two things, if you'll allow me. One is that I have always thought you a particularly nice girl and clever girl; and

today you've earned a big piece of special respect. I have been admiring the way you kept your poise—the way you wouldn't let yourself get fussed by all that horrid mess. You were right, and you knew you were right, and you just held up your head and moved along serenely. You'll do. I wish you good fortune as Mr. Carleton's secretary. You're solid with him, and I do heartily wish you good fortune.

"The second thing is a secret just for a few days. I was late this noon because I had been having an interview with the head of the Eagle-Eames Corporation over in the Chamber of Commerce. I'm to go there the first of next month as Mr. Eames's confidential clerk. It's going to make a lot of things easier—financially and otherwise. And I can tell you this: I'm not going to be a gloom-spot over there. I know what some of the girls call me—I don't think you do; it wouldn't be your way, even if a person wasn't very nice to work with. Well—I couldn't change all my ways here and begin to brighten up; the girls would think I was crazy or something; but all the same I'm going to begin having more of a good time in life as I go along. And—I thank you for helping show me how!"



Mr. Carleton flung her one glance of amazed irritation and made no reply

HOMER'S FLIGHT BIRDS

By Fred Copeland

IN an alder pocket under Bear Hill the double report of a shotgun broke the silence of a hazy October noon. A quarter of a mile to the east on the hill road Ed Lovell, the rural mail carrier, stopped his horse and anxiously scanned the far side of the rocky pasture from which the shots seemed to come.

"That's too bad," he muttered slowly as he started on, and then grimly: "I wish I had time to see who he is."

Suddenly, as though in mockery to his wish, the clear, sharp crack of a rifle answered the shotgun's twin reports. Ed Lovell instantly pulled his horse to a stop and turned in his seat. Since it was the first of the three-year closed season on partridges, the two shotgun reports were more than a suspicious circumstance, but the rifle shot was very puzzling.

Ed Lovell was a partridge hunter and interested in protecting the birds. He resolved to talk the matter over in Udall's shop that night. Years before there had been stories current that the Bear Hill alder patch was a poor place in which to be caught alone with a gun; the three shots had come straight from that same great patch of dense alders.

That evening Amos Gladding, who had fired the two shots from the shotgun, kicked his way nervously through noisy mats of fallen maple leaves toward Joe Udall's combination jewelry and sporting-goods shop. He stopped in the shadow of a tree near Udall's window and searched the smoke-mellowed radiance within. It was early in the evening, but Amos was not disappointed in the three figures faintly visible through the dimmed window panes.

Near the window with his shadow grotesquely enlarged upon it sat Udall, his bent head and shoulders hovering over the works of a watch. Beyond him Ed Lovell stretched in a favored chair, and near by old Homer Moore squatted on a stool, smoking vigorously. The two visitors were already comfortably settled in their nightly occupation of watching Udall peck at the inwards of a watch when Amos stamped noisily on the doorstep and entered.

Ed Lovell greeted Amos with ill-concealed suspicion. "That wasn't you I heard over back of Bear Hill pasture today, was it?"

Amos gave him a startled look. "I noticed there was some one up there with a rifle," he said.

The two front legs of Ed Lovell's chair struck the floor sharply. "You'll have to lay that rifle shot to some one else—and the two shots at a partridge, too," he added pointedly.

Old Homer Moore looked at Ed in surprise and leaned slightly toward him. "Ed, what ails you? That's an alder cover up under Bear Hill, a woodcock ground, not partridge. Amos was after woodcock. Did you stir up any northern flighters?" he asked, turning to Amos.

"I was shot at up there today," Amos said. Ed sat erect in his chair while Udall laid down his watch and swung round in his seat.

"I jumped a pair of native birds in an alder corner before I got to the main cover," Amos went on. "Tried to make a double on them and got only one. The other bird made across the pasture to the main alders, and I chased along after it. I was taking a drink at that spring near the old butternut when it happened; the bullet hit a small tree trunk just above me, and it went clear through the tree."

"Metal jacketed bullet," observed Udall. At Udall's words Ed came out of his trance. "By hocus! Amos, I wouldn't have lit into you so if I'd supposed you'd had all that trouble," he said.

"They've come back," observed Homer slowly with a touch of reminiscence in the words.

"Who?" inquired Amos.

"The down-country gang," said Homer. He used the phrase as if it were an entirely familiar one. "Maybe you've seen that tumble-down shack north of the Bear Hill alders? Well, with my own eyes I've seen barrels of woodcock over at the station that came from that shack and those alders. You remember the gang, don't you, Joe?" asked Homer; and Udall nodded silently.

The story of the rifle shot had sunk deeper into Homer's mind than showed on the surface. In fact, the old man took little interest in the spirited surmises over which Ed and Amos struggled. He mused of times



DRAWN BY F. STROTHMANN

Voices issued up to them full of wrath

gone by when there had been others of his acquaintance who had repaired to Udall's shop to struggle over strange questions; when the "native" woodcock in pairs left the local covers, and, of more importance than that, when the great northern "flighters" drifted down in singles and pairs temporarily to replenish the local covers on their southern migration. In those days talk had drifted easily to the down-country gang. There had been clashes then, but there had never been rifle shots.

A little later Homer got to his feet and walked to the door.

"Flighters'll be dropping in the Bear Hill alders any night now; the moon's coming into the full fast," suggested Amos.

"Yes, that's so," observed Homer absently, and then to Udall: "I wonder if they've shipped those empty shells yet down at the gun club?"

"No. I heard them talking it over last night." Udall gave the information in a monotone; his mouth twisted in an effort to retain the jeweler's glass in his eye.

When the door closed behind Homer, Amos addressed Ed and Udall in a glow of excitement. "He's going to load up some ball shells for that cylinder barrel on his gun—and it's too early for foxes."

When the full effect of the words struck him Ed got hurriedly to his feet. "He's too old to go up to that lonesome, abandoned swamp alone. Somebody's guarding the alders for some reason," and he made for the door.

On the other side of the street Homer came to a stop at Ed's hail.

"Homer, you're not going up there alone tomorrow, are you?" asked Ed anxiously when he reached Homer's side. "Wait till day after tomorrow; I'll get my substitute to go over the route, and all of us can kind of snoop round and see what's the matter a fellow can't go into those alders."

"Well," said Homer slowly, "maybe that would be a good plan. I'll drop in at Udall's tomorrow night about seven, and we can talk it over."

Had it not been too dark to read faces Ed might have seen things in Homer's face that would have made him suspicious of the easily won agreement. Homer smiled grimly as he watched Ed carry the news back to Udall's, and he waited till he heard Udall's door close before going on.

Homer did not go directly home. Turning out of his way, he stopped at the livery stable and engaged a team for ten o'clock the next

morning. At the hotel adjoining the stable he had a talk with Sam Abbott. Sam was an old-timer in Frostdale, and he easily remembered the down-country gang when it was called to his mind; but he was positive none of them had been at the hotel for fully fifteen years.

"Say," broke out Sam, "there was a fellow we carried up to that old gunning lodge day before yesterday. You don't suppose those game robbers are coming back again, do you?"

"Ever see him before, Sam?"

"No, foreign to these parts; a long-eared, hungry kind of gent."

"Have any baggage or gun case or anything?"

"One trunk; we took the light express wagon."

Homer pulled gently at his short gray beard. "Maybe he's going to open up the place again," he ventured before going out.

When Homer reached home, which was somewhat beyond the village, he stopped only long enough to get a lantern and then kept on down the road to the small building occupied by the local gun club. Here from a barrel he picked out a few empty shotgun shells and, returning home, loaded each with a heavy lead ball before going to bed.

In the morning after getting the team he made another trip to the gun club and filled several bran sacks with the empty shells. It was a steady climb to the Bear Hill district, and he took it slowly. Turning in about noon on a wood road, he let down and put up bars at two points before coming to the wild, rocky pasture neighboring the Bear Hill alders. As he drove over the rough ground to the fence running by the alders he more than felt he was being watched. If the alders were being guarded by some one who was accustomed to the habits of northern New England, he felt no alarm while in the open pasture, for there were young stock about, which would have to be salted at intervals. Homer had not been unmindful of this when he arranged for the light express wagon and the bags. It was only when he entered the alders that he looked for trouble, but alders are an ideal hiding ground.

The old fence, repaired and propped from year to year, wandered across the black swampy ground at the south end of the pasture. Near by on higher ground Homer hitched the horse. From this vantage point the Bear Hill alders ten rods away seemingly floated northward in a soft purple haze. Turning at the north in a great arc they

swung back again, completing a symmetrical sweep, in the centre of which lay the dried bed of a pond, its filmy topped grass now under the mellow October sun turned to a brilliant straw color. It was a woodcock parlor; one never to be forgotten by a lover of the silken flutter of woodcock wings and the merry whistle of the startled birds.

On the east the crest of a ledge showed faintly over the alder tops, and from it a direct view might be had not only of the entire sea of alders but also of the shooting lodge to the north. Toward this ledge Homer made his way; he climbed it and examined the lodge at a distance. Smoke, faintly discernible, was coming from the chimney. A few minutes later a man with an overcoat thrown over his arm came out, locked the door and started east toward the hill road.

Waiting a quarter of an hour longer, Homer slid down over the ledge as silently as a mink. He at once went back to his team, fed the horse and then began a systematic search through the alder cover. He succeeded in flushing the woodcock Amos had missed the day before, and he chased it from corner to corner till he was reasonably sure it would vacate the cover that night, for it was fully time for birds raised in a native cover to be on the move south. When he came out of the alders for the last time two hours later he carried several empty sacks and chuckled to himself.

At the supper table that night Homer addressed his wife: "Mother, I wish you'd put up another lunch for me for tomorrow; I'm going to take just one more look into the Bear Hill alders. Flighters ought to be moving in there tonight."

"You're not going up there again tomorrow?"

"Yes. I figure to flush six big flighters, six big southern flighters," announced Homer with a grin.

On his wife the twisting of northern to southern flighters was lost; woodcock lore to her was a worse tangle than the black alders that hid the birds.

A little before seven that evening both Ed Lovell and Amos Gladding reached Udall's in a state of excitement. From the post-office corner both had seen five men with dogs, baggage and gun cases get off the evening train and meet a man who was waiting for them with a three-seated rig and an express wagon. Ed and Amos had watched them roll away in the direction of the hill road.

Udall had not finished supper in a room

behind his workshop when Ed and Amos burst in. He mumbled a brief "no" to their inquiry whether Homer Moore had called there yet.

Amos was starting to tell about the gunners who had arrived on the train when the door opened and Homer entered, his non-committal face scanning the occupants of the room.

"The down-country gang have lit," burst out Ed, rising from the favored chair, which Homer immediately occupied.

"I guessed they were making ready for company; I was up in the Bear Hill alders all day."

At this bit of news Udall came out and joined Amos and Ed in a stream of questions.

"No, he's some guide or cook they've sent on ahead to get the shack ready for them," replied Homer when asked about the man he had seen and whether he was one of the old down-country gang. "That's certain, because the ground under the alders didn't show any signs of being gunned."

"That's the fellow we saw meet the gang that got off the train," muttered Ed, nodding to himself.

"The team's all hired to take us up there tomorrow morning at nine o'clock," began Homer.

"Nine o'clock!" exclaimed Amos anxiously. "Why, even if they'll gun out everything before then, the cover fills up with birds over night."

"It wouldn't be safe to go into those alders till these fellows have worn off

their first excitement," cautioned Homer. "That sounds sensible," agreed Udall.

Homer seemed unwilling to offer any other suggestion than that they be prompt in meeting at nine o'clock at the stable the next morning.

The long up-hill drive to the Bear Hill district the next morning was barren of conversation except for Amos, who broke out in excited speculation at times. Each, perhaps, absorbed the tension the others felt, and all were listening anxiously for the reports of shotguns when they turned in at the Bear Hill pasture. Silence, however, followed them past the second barway and to the old fence, where they hitched at the place Homer had used the day before.

To the surprise of both Ed and Amos, Homer advised them not to plunge into the alders at once, but to follow him round to the ledge.

Working up the ledge from the back side, all three crawled out on its bare rock without a possibility of being seen. No sooner had they reached the crest than it became instantly apparent the opposing forces had taken possession of the famous old woodcock grounds. Voices issued up to them full of wrath. Amos and Ed glanced at each other nervously. Of the three, Homer alone was cool.

Out on the glistening sea of alders the purple tops were shaking violently at five moving points, marking the positions of the down-country gunners as their line combed the cover for woodcock. On the ledge Homer, Ed and Amos sat fascinated by the slow-

moving wakes of the five hidden gunners. It was easy for them to see that the men were careless in their movements. At frequent intervals irate bits of conversation were shouted back and forth across the line of advance.

The gunners were nearing the north fringe, and at length the men tore out of the cover, joined one another and proceeded to hold a consultation. They could be seen waving their arms in a heated talk, which suddenly ended, and all of them swung round the alder fringe toward the ledge.

The three men on the ledge flattened out and watched their approach keenly. To Amos and Ed it seemed as if they must be seen, but Homer remained motionless and watchful.

The down-country gunners turned abruptly east and passed through a low place in the ledge. Ed told Homer it was time to be moving, but Homer shook his head. A few minutes later Homer spoke out in his usual strength of voice and jumped to his feet. Following his pointing arm, they saw in the strip of pasture leading to the shooting lodge the five gunners. No sooner had the men reached the lodge than a man departed east toward the hill road exactly in the manner Homer had observed the day before.

Homer now led the way back along the ledge to the southern edge of the cover, where all three entered the alders. Hardly had they taken a dozen steps under the tangled stems when both Ed and Amos bent down, each picking up an empty shotgun

shell, which they held in their hands while they gazed in wonder and wrath over the ground ahead, which seemed fairly bristling with empty shells.

"They've found a big bunch of birds and cleaned them all out," yelled Amos indignantly.

Homer came over, deliberately picking up a shell on the way. "Those fellows, if you took note, all had twenty-gauge shotguns; these shells are the regular twelve-gauge size."

Ed and Amos examined their shells again; they were twelve-gauge.

"You see, boys," declared Homer modestly, "I kind of borrowed these shells from the gun club. Yesterday I lugged them up here and salted the whole alder cover with them. It does seem as though some one had shot the place all out, doesn't it?" and Homer chuckled as he watched the news take effect on his two companions.

"Well, I swan!" exploded Ed as he leaned over in a bunch of alder stems and a grin crept round to his ears.

Surprise lighted every line of Amos's face. "And the flight hasn't started yet!" he exclaimed.

"Not started?" repeated Homer. "Didn't you just see five big flighters start out of this cover for the south?"

Homer's observation was soon verified. When the three swung round the post office late in the afternoon six figures were on the station platform waiting for the afternoon express for down-country.

WHY THE COST OF COAL IS HIGH

By Crittenden Marriott

DECORATIONS BY W. P. DODGE



EXCELLENT authorities have asserted publicly that bituminous coal-mining is the worst organized industry in the world. It might be added that the system of fixing miners' wages is the most fantastic existing outside of bedlam. Only the basis of the scheme was deliberately planned; the other nine tenths, the growth of twenty-five years of negotiations, contains nearly all of the maddening complexities. And the worst of it is that there seems to be no way out.

The existing system was agreed to in 1898 by the United Mine Workers and the mine operators of the "Central Competitive Field," which comprises Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and western Pennsylvania, and which in 1921 produced nearly forty per cent of the total bituminous output of the United States. The basis of the agreement was a guaranty of "competitive existence" to all miners and mine operators in those states; that is, every operator was guaranteed a chance to mine coal and get it to his market on an equal competitive basis with all other operators.

It takes some thought to realize what this apparently simple and reasonable programme means. First, it means that all operators mining coal at different places and shipping it to the same market must be able to sell it there at a profit at virtually the same price for the same grade. As railway freight rates are based on mileage and are the same to everybody, this means that the operators who are more distant from their market must mine their coal more cheaply,—that is, by cheaper labor to balance the longer haul,—and the United Mine Workers agree that the workers in these mines shall work for the lower wages required. It also means that the operators of mines closer to the market must pay labor rates high enough to increase the cost of mining sufficiently to make the total cost of their coal, including freight, at the market as high as the cost of coal from the more distant mines. That is, the "competitive agreement" establishes "freight differ-

entials," not to alter railway freight rates to individuals, which of course cannot be done, but to alter the wage rates of the miners so as to neutralize the differences in the railway rates.

One would think that fixing and applying these differentials would be difficult enough without any complications. But complications exist; the whole industry is full of them, and every attempt to straighten them out results in new complications. For instance: Coal occurs in more or less horizontal seams of different thicknesses. Some miners work in seams sixteen to eighteen inches thick, and others in seams thirty-four feet thick. Miners are paid so much per ton for the coal they cut out and load on the cars to be hauled out of the mine; and it is easy to understand that a miner working in, say, a six-foot seam, where he can stand up to his work, can extract a great deal more coal in a day than can a miner working in a two-foot to three-foot seam, where he has to work on his knees or to lie down on his side and hack at the coal. The miners in the thin seams insist that, according to the basic agreement, all of them must earn equal pay for the same work and demand a higher rate per ton than the workers in thick seams. Thus, a miner on a thin seam who can extract only three tons a day demands one third more pay per ton than is received by a miner on a thick seam who can extract four tons per day.

If the same mine had both thick seams and thin seams it might be possible to average the wage rates and avoid trouble. But in few mines is this the case; in most mines all the seams are of about the same thickness. So, if the thin-seam mine operators pay one

third more per ton than the thick-seam operators for extracting coal, this raises the cost of all the coal and puts them at a disadvantage with thick-seam mines serving the same market; and they will probably have to close down. So a "thick and thin vein" differential has been established, dividing the loss between the miner and the operator; the miner accepts a lower rate per ton of coal than is necessary to pay him what a thick-vein miner earns; and the operator contents himself with a less profit on sales.

As both the freight and the thick-and-thin-vein differentials must be applied to many mines, the resulting mining rates became complex.

All the foregoing explanation applies to the old-fashioned way of mining with a pick. But of late years mining by machine has come into use. Unfortunately, all mines cannot use them; and, as machines are much more efficient than picks,—where they can be used,—mines that can use them would naturally have a marked advantage in a market that is supplied both by pick coal and by machine coal. So a "machine differential" has been devised to prevent the machine mines from driving the pick mines out of business. The idea is simple enough: The operator is allowed to retain enough of the

additional profit he makes from the machine to pay the cost of installing them. But he is required to hand over all the rest to the miners who work the machines. That is, all the net profit due to machines goes to the miners; none of it comes to the public in the form of reduced prices.

These are the three important differentials, but there are lots of local ones, some of them "hang-overs" from early days. Take an

example: Years ago the operator of a certain mine had to ship its coal a few miles down a river on flatboats to a railway. It was allowed a small differential to balance the advantage of the mines that were close to the railway; that is, its miners accepted a small reduction in their wage rates. Later, a railway passing close to the mine was built and enabled it to do away with the flatboats. But its operator still gets the differential.

Another example: In the Pittsburgh district the seams in all mines north of a certain arbitrary line are considered thin veins and those south of it thick veins, and the latter pay lower wage rates. Of two mines, lying close together, having identical working conditions, but being situated one north and one south of this imaginary line, the operator on the south pays his miners 8.53 cents a ton less than the operator to the north.

The rates in both these examples depend on the relative strength of the miners and the mine owners and not at all on any principle of justice.

These are only examples. They do not even scrape the surface of the amazing contradictions and abnormalities that both miners and operators admit characterize the industry.

The effects of the freight and the thick-and-thin-vein differentials are disastrous. The differentials keep in operation many mines that without them would close down. The mines in operation today can produce two hundred million tons more coal a year than is needed for both domestic consumption and exports; consequently, a great many mines must cut down their production during a large part of the year because they lack purchasers. This keeps an average of about two hundred thousand mine workers out of work or working on short time the year round. Even when "shut down" a coal mine must have a considerable force on hand to keep it in condition and to have it ready for work when the demand comes. Hence the "overhead" costs of coal mining are very high, and the price of coal is correspondingly excessive.



THE COWBOY COOK

By Herbert Coolidge



DRAWN BY RODNEY THOMSON

That lurch probably saved my life

THE following story was told me by a hotel man who comes to Santa Barbara every summer from one of the desert towns of California:

I was born on a cow ranch in southern Arizona. As schools in that part of the country were about as numerous as hens' teeth, I got most of my education in the saddle. I followed range work until I was twenty-three years old. Then I was hurt by a horse and had to quit the hard riding.

As I had always been pretty handy with the frying-pan I thought I would try camp cooking. So I went over to the Ramada Corral, at Yuma, where some riders were outfitting to go down into the Cocopah country. Sam Myers, the boss, was one of those sober-sided old jokers. When I asked him for a job he said:

"Down in those Cocopah Bottoms where we're going it ain't very healthy, especially for young people."

"What's down there?" I asked.

"The meanest bunch of swamp guerillas in Mexico and probably the world," replied Sam emphatically. "Yes, sir. José Machado and his gang of cutthroats sure are bad ones. They think they own the whole delta of the Colorado River. They've got every one down there bluffed out, including the Mexican *rurales*—and also including myself as soon as I can get my cattle out of there."

After giving me time to digest these remarks Sam said: "All right. We're pulling out at noon, so be here with your bed."

Beef, beans and bread, and two meals a day were all a cowboy expected in those days. And I only had five riders to cook for. The Hardy River country swarmed with game; and I spent my days hunting quail, ducks, deer and wild hogs and inventing better ways to cook them. Sam declared that I was the best cook in Mexico and probably the world.

Making hot-cakes over an open fire is something that camp cooks as a rule can't do. Cooking them in a frying-pan is too slow, and the heat is too uneven. But I figured out a system of my own. I made a scoop by cutting the top and one side out of a two-gallon syrup can. With this scoop I would dip up live coals from the fire and spread them out on the ground in a thin layer about a foot wide and eight feet long. Then I would string about six pie plates on this bed of coals and put a hot-cake in the

middle of each. If any of them got too hot I would sift some sand over the coals. When it came time to turn a hot-cake I would take hold of the edge of the pan with a pair of wire nippers and give it the high-up-and-over. We had plenty of crushed comb honey to eat on them, and there was a happy bunch of cowboys in that camp every morning.

After I had been in that camp a couple of months without seeing a soul but the outfit I was cooking for I got careless. It was rumored that Machado's gang was operating over in Sonora. One day I went off down the river after fish without any kind of a shooting iron. It was about noon when I got back to camp. I noticed some tracks—riding boots with spurs dragging. Then I found that my rifle, Sam's shotgun, both my six-shooters and the big, new, pearl-handled revolver that Sam had given me were all missing. The next thing I knew armed horsemen came spurring into camp from all directions, seven all told; they were mighty mean-looking Mexicans. I put my hands up as high as I could, without waiting for any invitation. The mob gathered round me, every one of them looking as *bravo* as he could.

The leader of the bunch, a big, black, burly fellow riding a fine sorrel horse, was wearing the new, pearl-handled revolver that Sam had given me. Sam had explained that he was giving me that gun because it was the handsomest-looking and the crookedest-shooting weapon ever manufactured. It had been given to him for a Christmas present by a man who owed him two thousand dollars.

The leader reined his horse close up to me, then, leaning over in his saddle and tapping his chest, said in Spanish, "I am José Machado!" I guess he thought I was going to faint at the sound of that awful name. He seemed disappointed when I acted as dumb as an oyster. Then, in Spanish, he asked me what I was doing there. I could understand every word he said; but I acted kind of blank and worried and asked, "Don't any of you boys speak English?"

That was one thing that I was always cranky about. I could speak pretty good Mexican-Spanish, but somehow I hated to do it. I never would do it until I had made sure that the other fellow couldn't speak English. I had begun this with Machado

without thinking, and now it was too late to back out. Machado then began to call me a lot of foul names, all in Spanish. I could see that he was watching to see if it would make me mad. Suddenly he said quickly to the fellow behind me, "Give him a kick."

I was so busy holding my face straight and trying not to act as though I was waiting for something that I was greatly surprised when the fellow did kick me. I was hostile, too, and in a few well chosen words told that *hombre* what I thought of him. Machado seemed greatly amused.

When Machado had had his laugh out he began questioning me, speaking good English. I answered everything he asked me, telling him the exact truth. Finally he asked, "Got anything to eat?"

"I sure have," I replied, welcoming the turn of the conversation. "That big pot on the fire is half full of frijoles, and that other one has six mallard ducks in it, stewed with onions. They've been simmering there on the coals nearly all day, so they ought to be good. We're all ready to go as soon as anyone comes in, and, as your men are hungry, and as you have the drop on me, help yourself. I'll feed my gang on beef."

"Your gang won't need any feed," said Machado, with an ugly grin. Then he ordered his top hand to tie me up to a mesquite, adding: "When we get through eating we'll take him out in the brush and stick a knife in him." He said this in English, so that I would get the full benefit of it. I grinned, making believe that I thought he was joking. But it wasn't any easy grin, because I knew that Machado was a cold-blooded murderer many times over.

Those bandits hadn't had anything but jerked beef and coffee for a long time, and how they did fly into the stewed duck and frijoles! One of them said to Machado: "Don't kill him today—he's too good a cook."

They were all sure I didn't understand Spanish and talked freely of their plans. I heard them say that they were all out of cartridges for their revolvers, and that it was lucky they had plenty of rifle cartridges for the gringos. I gathered that the bandits had scouts out who would warn them when Sam and the cowboys approached with the herd. Their plan was to wait until the cows had been corralled, to shoot all five of the

riders from ambush, and then take all their arms, ammunition and cattle.

I surely did rack my brains for an idea as I stood with my back to that mesquite tree watching the Mexicans eat. The way the rawhide thongs were cutting me I knew there was no hope of getting loose. I kept thinking of my five good friends being foully murdered.

Mexicans go strong on pepper, and the stuff I had cooked wasn't hot enough. I kept hearing them say in Spanish, "Pass the pepper," "Pass the pepper." And then, all of a sudden, I got a big idea. It was just like picking up a million dollars.

I did some heavy thinking then for about half a minute. Then, speaking casually, I called over to Machado, who was doing some fast work on the breast of a mallard. "Any of you boys like hot-cakes? We've got crushed comb honey to go with them."

Three of the Mexicans besides Machado could understand English. They had had hot-cakes at some of the border towns, and they began telling how good hot-cakes were with sirup, and that honey would be better because it was thicker, and so on.

Machado seemed to like the idea pretty well at first. But presently he asked suspiciously: "How you going to make hot-cakes for all this bunch without any stove? On top of what-you-call-em? A range?"

"I invented a system of my own," I replied carelessly. "And I'm said to be the best hot-cake cooker in Mexico and probably the world. And I'd a whole lot rather cook hot-cakes than have my hands chewed off by a rawhide thong."

Machado grinned and told his top hand, a fellow called Pancho, to cut me loose and to stand herd over me with his rifle and to shoot me down like a dog if I made a single false move.

I didn't waste a second getting that hot-cake batter ready. Because, as I had it figured out, my life and the lives of my five friends, depended on my getting those hot-cakes on the fire before the bandits got beyond the "pass-the-pepper" stage. The bandits had built a big, quick fire to make coffee on, and it had burnt down so that the coals were just right. I soon had a couple of scoopfuls spread along on the ground and my six pie plates strung out in a row. I gave the first stack of six hot-cakes to Machado and put some of the crushed comb

honey close to him. All this time Pancho was stalking around close behind me, keeping me covered with his rifle. As he seemed gloomy over having had to leave his dinner, I was particularly careful not to make any false moves.

Pretty soon Machado, who was a fast, nervous eater, told Pancho to come back and finish his dinner. He said that he would take a turn at watching the cook. I was mighty hopeful when I saw that Pancho was taking his rifle with him, and that Machado, who was picking his teeth and couldn't be bothered with a double-handed shooting iron, was going to stand herd over me with that big, crooked-shooting pearl-handled revolver that he had stolen from me. Things were coming my way even better than I had planned.

I was very busy juggling my six hot-cake plates. Apparently I was thinking about nothing else. And Machado was more than well satisfied with himself and the world on account of all the stewed duck, hot-cakes and honey, and so on, that he had stowed away. He probably couldn't have believed, at this moment, that a cook who had furnished him with such a repast could be a troublesome fellow. Or perhaps he was just too full of duck and hot-cakes to do any very heavy thinking. At any rate he went over and sat down where he could watch me from the shade of a tree about twenty feet away. That was good; the farther away the better. But, best of all, he was on the other side of the camp from the mesquite where he had tied his fine sorrel horse. All the other animals were grazing some distance away on their stake ropes.

I was all ready to go now—except for a

good excuse to pass the pepper. The six bandits were all lined up around a small canvas that was spread on the ground to serve as a table. It was in the shade of a mesquite about ten feet from the fire. Presently I saw an *hombre* helping himself to frijoles. That gave me the excuse I was looking for, and I remarked casually: "I doubt if those beans are hot enough, boys. That black pepper is no good; but here's some of that old red kind, hot enough to burn the roof of your mouth off."

Before releasing this remark I had taken pains to fill my two-gallon scoop with fresh coals. To all appearances I was about to string out some more of the condensed heat underneath my hot-cake pans. Now, as though not very intent on what I was doing, I straightened up. Still hanging on to my scoop full of coals, as though I had forgotten to put it down, I stepped over to the grub box and got the pepper can—it was a pound can and was nearly full—and started over to where the men were eating. I expected every second to get a curse or a shot from Machado. Without making any move that would excite his suspicions, I managed to loosen the lid of the pepper can with my thumb and forefinger. Then, as I approached the feasting bandits, I suddenly dumped the whole can of pepper on the live coals, gave the scoop a quick shake to mix the contents well, and, with one sweep of my arm, showered the smoking coals and pepper over the circle of bandits. The next second the air was filled with ashes, live coals, pepper smoke and fine red pepper. I think that every one of the six bandits tried to cough and to sneeze and to choke and to yell and curse all at the same time. That was what it

sounded like anyway. They all began scrambling in every direction, pawing tears out of their eyes, butting and backing into and knocking one another down. I could see at a glance that for two minutes at least I had nothing to fear from those six bandits.

Machado's big, pearl-handled revolver, the one that Sam had given me, went off with a bang. Whirling around, I saw Machado running toward me, shooting as he came. And I made a flying start for Machado's sorrel horse.

But a smoke-blinded bandit who was scuttling backward out of the *mêlée* got in my way. He was wiping pepper tears out of his eyes with one hand and trying to knock a live coal out of his topknot with the other. He was too busy to notice anyone. I grabbed a revolver and a knife out of his belt as I dodged around him. And I tried to return Machado's fire. But *snap-snap-snap* was all I could get out of that revolver. Then I remembered having heard the bandits say that they were clear out of pistol cartridges.

By this time Machado had fired six shots at me with the big, pearl-handled revolver. He was a crack shot with a pistol—that was the reason that he didn't hit me. The better the shot the surer the miss with that revolver.

Machado slammed the gun down on the ground, whipped out a wicked-looking knife, and made for me.

Did I run for that horse? Well, as far as I remember, I don't know for sure whether I ran or flew, or whether I vaulted into the saddle, or whether I just wished I was in the saddle and landed there. Anyway, I made wonderful speed. Two things I distinctly recall—the sight of Machado's black, ugly face, his white teeth showing like tusks,

coming close behind me, and the horse I was heading for, scared at my coming at him so fast, trying to break loose. I was deathly afraid that Machado would have that knife into me before I could mount, and that the horse would break loose before I could get into the saddle.

But the next thing I knew, by some hook or crook, there I was astride my mount. Machado made a flying leap to grab my leg as I leaned forward to cut the tie rope. The horse, probably thinking that Machado was going to club him, gave a scared lurch to the side. That lurch probably saved my life, although it nearly threw me sprawling. Then, as my sharp blade sliced off the rope, that nifty mount of mine gave a great forward leap and was off like a bounding greyhound.

A glance over my shoulder showed me Machado running for a rifle. He sent ten shots after me; but it was a willful waste of ammunition, because by this time I was well out of sight in the brush. I don't think he tried to follow me at all. He knew it was no use, because my mount was the fastest horse in the country.

I rode out, met the boys coming in with the herd and told them to look out for an ambush. But we didn't see anything more of the bandits.

Machado never came back to claim his horse, and, as I couldn't find whom he had stolen him from, I kept him. When I went back to Yuma I sold him for enough to buy an interest in a lunch counter. That was my start in the restaurant and hotel business. I succeeded because I take a real interest in feeding people—that was how I got on so well with Machado.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A Premier Who Means Business

Canada is in the midst of a parliamentary campaign which is expected to determine the policies of the dominion for some years to come. The dissolved parliament had still fifteen months to run before the expiration of its maximum term; but the Conservative government had an uncomfortably small margin—sometimes reduced to a single vote—and recent provincial elections have shown Conservative gains so frequently that Premier Mackenzie King thinks it is a good time to try for a more serviceable majority. He has stirred the Canadian politicians by declaring that if his party is returned to power by so small a majority as it held in the last parliament, he will dissolve the new parliament at once, and call for a new general election; repeating this process until some party is able to count on a majority that can be depended on to carry on the affairs of the country. Some of the parliamentary candidates are a good deal alarmed at the prospect of having to make a second campaign; but Mr. King is right in thinking that a government which has not strength enough to govern is not good for much.

Studying a Knotty Problem

Aviation is getting a thorough overhauling at Washington this fall, and we foresee that it will be one of the subjects that will most agitate Congress when it meets. The President has appointed a special board of inquiry to study the best means of using aircraft in the national defense. That board, which includes General Harbord, Admiral Fletcher, Senator Bingham of Connecticut, Mr. Howard E. Coffin of Detroit, the engineer and expert in aeronautics, Mr. Wm. F. Durand of Los Angeles, Mr. Dwight W. Morrow of New York, and several other well-known men, is already at work. The navy department has appointed a special court of inquiry to investigate the disaster to the *Shenandoah*, and there is continual activity in both the war and navy departments to procure and assemble facts that may be of service to the President's board. President Coolidge hopes to be able to present a definite air policy for the approval of Congress early in its coming session. Besides all this, Secretary Hoover has arranged for a survey of civil aviation throughout the world, which will be made jointly by

representatives of the Department of Commerce and of the American Engineering Council.

Digging into America's Past

For the first time archaeologists have undertaken the systematic excavation of the great, mysterious mounds of the Mississippi

valley. They have begun work on the Seip mound, so called, near Bainbridge, Ohio, which is 240 feet long, 160 feet wide and 28 feet high, and can only have been erected by a people that had a considerable social organization, and an accepted system of religious belief. They have not yet found a very great amount of spoil, but they have recovered strands of fresh-water pearls, copper weapons and utensils, some coarsely-woven cloth, and something that may have been a musical instrument. A burial chamber for the bodies of those who were probably the chiefs and princes of the tribe has also been found. Further discoveries are awaited with interest in the hope that we shall get evidence enough to prove or disprove the theory that the Mound Builders were re-

A Real Tale of Adventure

The experiences of the crew of the PN-9, No. 1, the navy plane that was forced down by failure of the gas supply on the flight to Hawaii make a rattling good adventure story.



An interesting picture of Captain Amundsen's two airplanes frozen into the ice at his farthest North, last May. One plane was wrecked. The other was extricated and brought the whole party back to Spitzbergen

lated to the Pueblo and cave-dwelling Indians of the Far West.

would have drifted to within reach of the island of Kauai even if they had not been picked up.

Here are Some New Planes

A French engineer, M. De Monge, has invented a new type of airplane, which can be driven by ordinary automobile engines. The plane has no fuselage body. The ailerons, tail, and rudder are attached to the front wing by steel rods only, and the pilot and passenger sit in a kind of cockpit in the centre of the wing between the two nine horse power engines that are used. The plane is of course much lighter than the usual type, and it is said that it can be stored with fuel enough for a flight of nearly 3000 miles. The engines burn only a gallon of gasoline for every thirty miles of flight, and drive the plane easily at a hundred miles an hour. The British government has built another experimental airplane which has light masts and sails in addition to its aerial equipment. When it has to come down into water the sails can be spread and the plane converted into a neat little yacht! The plane is all metal, and a German engineer, Rohrbach by name, is said to have designed it.

A Missionary Hotel

A New York real estate man, Mr. Oscar E. Konkle, announces his intention to build, at Broadway and 122nd Streets, an extraordinary apartment hotel. The building will be sixty-five stories high—a few feet higher than the Woolworth Building. It will contain four thousand five hundred bedrooms, a dining-room that will seat two thousand persons, a hospital, twelve roof gardens, a bank and an interdenominational church. Mr. Konkle promises ten per cent of all profits his enterprise may make to the support of Christian missions everywhere. He will call his bank the Missionary National Bank and hopes to make it the clearing house for the accounts of missionaries all over the world. He has, we are told, always been deeply interested in missionary enterprises, especially since his son's recovery from a dangerous illness several years ago. The father then pledged himself to use himself and his money in support of missions, and the son has prepared himself to go as a medical missionary to Africa. It will cost something like \$14,000,000 to build the hotel.



FACT AND COMMENT



LAZY PEOPLE are almost always planning something which they are going to do by and by. It is the work at hand that they cannot summon up the will to do.

All Demagogues depend on Witless Votes. For Sheep, as Shepherds know, will follow Goats.

POEMS OUGHT NOT TO BE written just to say that one is happy or sad, but to make that happiness or sadness cheering or consoling to one's fellow men.

AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN says that cereals, especially oatmeal, cause rickets, because they lack the vitamin that builds up the bony structure. Yes, yes! we have often noticed the lack of bony structure in the Scottish Highlanders, particularly as to the knees.

A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN has been advertising for "an old-fashioned case of malaria," the germs of which are the basis of a new treatment for certain forms of partial paralysis. The incident is interesting as showing how nearly medical science has overcome the disease that, in earlier days, made the customary greeting in the Mississippi Valley, "Shake, stranger."

A THREE-YEAR-OLD GIRL, the granddaughter of a wealthy California woman who died seven years ago, will wear, after next April, a necklace of pearls worth three hundred thousand dollars. Since the grandmother's death the pearls have been kept in a safe deposit box, where, according to experts, they are losing their luster for lack of contact with human flesh. Adding luster to a hundred-thousand-dollar string of pearls would strike a good many young women as an easy job.



WHAT OF THE LEAGUE?

AFTER six years of existence what is there to say of the League of Nations? It has not put an end to war nor to disputes among the nations of Europe. Sometimes we hear that undeniable fact asserted with the implication that it means that the League has "failed."

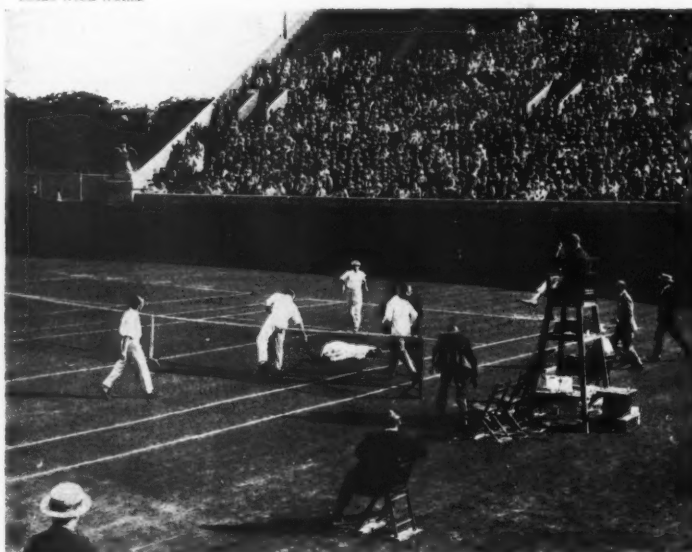
But it is not probable that anyone expected the League to bring about any such result. Certainly no one did who knew the depth and the bitterness of the historic feuds that divide the nations of Europe, or who understood the clash of economic interests and political ideals that agitate those nations. We do not expect the League or any other human institution to prevent occasional wars or frequent disagreements. Nothing but the subsidence of the many economic rivalries and racial jealousies that set nation against nation, and the growth of a sweet reasonableness hitherto unknown among mankind will do that.

The chief usefulness of the League—and it is a growing usefulness—is as a clearing house for diplomacy, a means for a closer contact between the nations. If men approach the problems of the time in the right spirit, the League offers them a far better chance than they have had in the past to take counsel together and to plan coöperative action toward the prevention of war, the control of disease, and the establishment of a really binding body of international law. Without that spirit, the League will be of no particular use. Fortunately there is evidence that the spirit is there and that it constantly increases in vitality.

It has become an understood thing that the responsible statesmen of Europe are to attend the annual sessions at Geneva. Last year the premiers of France and Great Britain were there. This year the premiers of France and Australia are present. England is represented by its Foreign Minister, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and there are seventeen other foreign ministers in attendance. Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovakian, whom many call the foremost statesman of Europe, has been present at every yearly session since the League was formed. "I meet almost every minister there with whom I have to deal," he says, "and many difficult questions can be settled face to face in the neutral atmosphere of Geneva, that would present tedious difficulties if handled in the ordinary way."

Whatever anyone may have dreamed or

TIMES-WIDE WORLD



A dramatic moment in the tennis match between France and Australia. Borotra, struck in the head by one of Patterson's smashing returns, fell, stunned, to the ground. He quickly recovered and France won the match.

FRENCH TENNIS PLAYERS

THIS has been a great season for lawn tennis. The Davis Cup ties have never been harder fought or more exciting. The visit of the women players from England produced a succession of very brilliant matches, and a dozen other tournaments, coming to a climax with the National Championship at Forest Hills, have offered tennis of the very finest quality. Lovers of the game who had the opportunity of seeing the final of the Doubles Championship at Longwood, the Davis Cup matches between the French and Australian players at Forest Hills, the match between Miss Wills and Miss McKane also at Forest Hills or the extraordinary duel between Tilden and Borotra at Philadelphia saw the most graceful and lively of outdoor games at its very highest development.

The sensation of the year has been the remarkable playing of the young French players Lacoste and Borotra. They began by beating the best tennis players that England could produce at the historic Wimbledon tournament, the winner of which was once entitled to call himself world's champion. Lacoste won the singles, Lacoste and Borotra the doubles, and with their countrywoman Mlle. Lenglen, who won the women's championship, they carried away all the honors for France. Lacoste and Borotra then swept triumphantly through a long list of Davis Cup aspirants, and won a wholly unexpected victory over the Australians. Against our veteran American stars Tilden and Johnston they came to grief but only after the hardest of battles. Borotra, the laughing, leaping, playful fellow whom the tennis writers have called "the bounding Basque"—he comes from the very south of France near the Spanish border—gave the great Tilden one of the frights of his career.

suspected that the League would become, it does not assume the manner of a super-state, nor even of a world parliament. It is a place for the exchange of ideas, the adjustment of different points of view, the agreement on certain lines of conduct which are clearly sound and reasonable. It gives promise of becoming a very important influence in the defence of a civilization that the war seemed to have set a-tottering.

Will the United States ever become a member? That is on the lap of the gods. Many Americans ardently desire it; many others are still bitterly opposed. But it is noticeable that a great many Americans, including not a few public men of importance, attend the annual sessions, and observe the proceedings with deep interest. If a majority of our people become convinced that the League of Nations is not a cleverly designed means of involving us in

If our older and more seasoned players had stood aside this year, we could hardly have saved the cup.

The French have been a long time in producing stars that can beat the best that England has to offer and play our best Americans to the closest of finishes. But the French ought to be good tennis players. The game, full of action, suspense and nervous tension, is well suited to the lively Gallic temperament. And though lawn tennis is a British invention it derives historically from the old game of court tennis, the "game of Kings," which if not French in origin was developed and played in France as nowhere else. Court tennis is played indoors in a room singularly constructed, with sloping walls, a roofed projection called the "penthouse" on one side, and other eccentricities called the "tambour" the "grille" and the "dedans" which probably reproduce more or less accurately the odd shape of the hall in some old royal castle where the game was first played. The game goes back to the fourteenth century. Monarch after monarch in France patronized it, and it became correspondingly fashionable. When Henry IV was king in Paris there were said to be two hundred and fifty tennis courts in that city. There were "more tennis players in Paris" some cynic remarked, "than drunkards in England." With the decay of royalty and the professionalizing of the sport, court tennis fell into disrepute and it has only lately been revived here and there in England, France and America. But the centuries of its popularity ought to have bred some marked fitness for the modern game into the French blood. Anyone who has seen Suzanne Lenglen or M. Borotra play tennis will admit that it has.

European politics, and that it is offering an opportunity for the amicable settlement of difficult international questions, which it would be convenient for the United States to make use of, we shall by and by give it our adherence. Stranger things have happened.

CARTOONISTS

THE art of picture-writing is undoubtedly the oldest form of literary expression. Cave-dwelling men decorated their ivory implements and the walls of their caverns with engravings that have told us much about their lives, and from that time to this man has found no other way to express himself that is so simple, lucid and direct as drawing.

It is probably those qualities of simplicity, clearness and direct appeal that give to the newspaper cartoon its great power.

People see the point of a drawing more quickly than that of an editorial, and many persons who do no more than glance at headlines are accustomed to study in considerable detail the cartoons that reflect the topic of latest interest.

Cartoonists are seldom regarded as great artists, yet they have a larger influence on their times than any but the very greatest artists. Hogarth left nothing else so interesting and so true as his cartoons; and no one can estimate how much the social and political life of England has been influenced by Leech and Du Maurier and Sir John Tenniel, or life in the United States by Nast and Kemble and Keppler and Opper and Davenport and Darling; and both the Old and the New World owe an incalculable debt to Raemakers and Césaire and Kirby.

Great cartoonists are always rare, for the qualities that they must possess are not merely the ability to draw passably, but a deep knowledge of human nature and both humor and good humor.

Of late years there has been a tendency among the cartoonists to take causes rather than persons as their target. The result is wholesome. In place of the rancor of the old-time political cartoon has come the fun-making tilt at the follies and foibles of the day. A gentle but penetrating humor exerts a constant humanizing influence and works steadily toward a more charitable judgment of others and a better performance of personal duties. A series of little drawings that once took the place of the single cartoon in one of the Chicago newspapers a few days before Thanksgiving made as eloquent plea for remembering the poor as any sermon that a minister could have preached in an hour.

Cartoonists, like poets, are born, not made; but any boy who has the gift of caricature and a sense of humor, and who thinks of studying art, may well consider a field that is never crowded and that offers very great rewards to the successful.



THE STARS THIS WEEK

IF you wish to look for the Great Square of Pegasus about seven o'clock this evening, face toward the east and look about halfway up the sky. The square is a large one, its four corners being marked by second magnitude stars like those in the Big Dipper. If you do not look until ten o'clock, the square will have moved into a position directly south, so high as to seem almost overhead, and no longer standing cornerwise. In either position it is easily recognized, especially as its four corners stake off a patch of sky almost empty of stars.

The cut shows the Great Square as it appears in the early evening. The star at the

lowest corner is called Gamma, the upper corner is Beta, and the right hand corner is Alpha. After the sky has turned a little, the side from Alpha to Gamma becomes the base. The remaining corner of the Square does double duty: it is reckoned as the Delta in the constellation we are describing, and is also reckoned as the Alpha of a neighboring constellation, Andromeda, of which more will be said in the next article.

Pegasus is the well-known winged horse, beloved of the Muses of old. The figure of a horse is not readily suggested by the stars, but names given by the Arabian astronomers locate the figure. Alpha was called Markab, the saddle, Beta was called Scheat, the forelegs, Gamma was Algenib, the flank, and Delta was Alpheratz, the navel. The hind legs and tail are missing. The forelegs take in some faint stars beyond the triangle at Beta, and the head and neck run out from Alpha.

The two planets, Jupiter and Venus, are now the most brilliant points of light in the sky. Venus glows in the west soon after sunset, and Jupiter, first seen in the south, gradually swings westward.

THE SEAL OF APPROVAL

53 YEARS OF SERVICE

ONE MILLION NEW CUSTOMERS LAST YEAR

Satisfactory Service For 24 Years

"Gentlemen: I have been dealing with Montgomery Ward & Co. for 24 years. I have been sending orders from the several different cities in which I have lived. I don't know yet where I can get better service or better value. Your goods are always reliable and give the best satisfaction."

Elmo M. Myers,
1577 E. 86 St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

A Customer For 51 Years

"My first order to Montgomery Ward & Co. was in 1874; from that date my orders have been sent with absolute confidence that goods were exactly as represented, and that I would be treated fairly and honestly. My confidence has never been betrayed. You have my very best wishes."

C. H. Barnard,
Home, Oregon

Ward's Merchandise Always the Best

"We have purchased farm fence, groceries, radio supplies, dry goods, wall paper, suits, hardware, auto tires and accessories and have received perfect satisfaction with everything we bought. We have purchased from nearly a dozen mail order houses but like Montgomery Ward & Co. merchandise always the best."

John Kintner,
Route 2, Box 62, Ney, Ohio

Ward's Merchandise Reliable and Serviceable

"I am writing this to thank you for your promptness and kindness. I have been buying from your house since 1882, and have always received good treatment and found your goods reliable and serviceable. I never fail to say a good word for you and I feel that I am doing others a favor in recommending Ward's."

C. C. Chrisman,
Martinsburg, Mo.

The Word of Satisfied Customers Is the Final Seal of Approval

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MAC and Paula found one drawback to their new home in the Michigan woods. It was lonesome. There was only one other family of children there, the Peppers, who lived on the other side of the pond. Mac and Paula were sure these children would be dandy playmates if they could once get acquainted. They had seen them a few times down in the village and knew that their names were Tom, Lucia, Kay and Bud. But that is not the same as being friends, so every day they grew more lonesome and found it harder and harder to know what to play next.

Then came Columbus Day, the twelfth of October, and they decided to have a picnic in celebration of the discovery of America. Mother packed a basket of lunch.

"But a picnic with just two of us isn't much fun," said Mac.

"Why not take your lunch out on the pond and pretend you are Columbus yourself?" suggested mother.

"The very thing!" cried Mac. With the basket of lunch in one hand he made a stiff bow. "Thanks, fair Isabella, Queen of Spain, for these provisions and farewell till our return."

At the pond they boarded the little sailing raft their father had rigged up for them. The pond was broad and wide, but so shallow that it was not dangerous for the children to go on it alone. With paddles they pushed off into the water and settled themselves for a long sail. Never before had they gone far from their own shore, but to-day a strong wind was blowing at their backs, and almost before they knew it they had sailed clear across and were grounded on the other side.

"Come," said Mac, "we must go ashore and take possession of this land in the name of our queen." He put one foot on the ground and then hastily drew it back to the raft.

Paula's heart leaped to her throat. There, slinking through the trees in the distance, she saw Indians! To be sure, Columbus had seen Indians when he landed. "But we aren't really Columbus," she thought.

"Let's go home," she whispered to Mac.

He had evidently thought of that himself, and now he picked up his paddle and began trying to push the raft back into the water. But the wind, which had been in their favor coming over, was now against them, and it blew harder than ever. All Mac's efforts were in vain.

"I can't make the ship go," he said at last.

By that time the Indians had come from behind the trees and were running towards the pond. There were only four, but that was two more than the children—and Indians!

"I wish we'd stayed at home for our picnic," Paula was almost in tears.

At this Mac had an idea: He laid

PLAYING COLUMBUS

By Catha Wells



down his paddle and picked up the basket of lunch. "Columbus met the Indians with gifts," he said to Paula. "I'm going to make friends with those red men, even if I have to give them every bit of our lunch."

Paula did not care to make friends with savages, but she cared even less to be left on the raft alone, so she trailed her brother. When the four Indians saw them coming ashore they began whooping and leaping.

"Oh, let's not go," said Paula, laying hold of Mac's sleeve; "I—I'm scared."

But Mac moved forward as bravely as Columbus himself. When they came closer to the Indians the boy held out his basket of lunch. Then to her surprise Paula saw that the Indians were neither big nor powerful; they were no bigger than Mac and herself. Nor did they have cruel faces. Why, they looked just like children all painted and fixed to represent Indians! And they too had gifts: apples and grapes and pears.

Suddenly they fell on their knees before Mac, crying "Hail, great white chief." Then Paula laughed,

Old Mrs. Montague's Very Fine Gown

By Pringle Barret

DRAWINGS BY
REGINALD BIRCH



Old Mrs. Montague

Has a fine gown.

She wears it in the dining-room

When she comes down;

She wears it to the

Ladies' Aid

When she goes to

town;

She wears it in the

carriage,

And she wears it all

around.



It used to be lavender,

Now it's dark brown—

Old Mrs. Montague's

Very fine gown.



for she saw they were no more Indians than she and Mac; they were just the Pepper children who lived in the woods beyond the pond.

"But how did you think of playing Columbus, too?" asked Mac when the children had all sat down on the ground to divide their lunch.

"Well," said Lucia Pepper as she took off her big feathered headband, "it's Discovery Day, and we wanted to discover something, so Tom suggested we discover our new neighbors. We telephoned for you to come down to the pond, and your mother said that you were already on your way—that you were playing Columbus. So we thought it would be fun to put on our old Indian suits and play we were the natives Columbus found."

"It was a tiptop idea," said Mac, "and made us all acquainted at last. But I was pretty scared for a little while."

"So was I," said Paula. "I never knew before what a brave man Columbus must have been."

When Little Bear Ran Like a Deer

By Frances Margaret Fox

LITTLE BEAR went out to play by his gate. He saw a deer. She ran fast. He said in a loud, loud song:

"I WISH I COULD RUN LIKE A DEER!"

She heard him. "Come, Little Bear," she called, "I will show you my baby."

Mother Deer walked with Little Bear. At last she stood still. "Do you see my baby?" asked Mother Deer.

Little Bear looked and looked, but he could not find the baby.

Mother Deer said to her baby, "Move your head, my little fawn."

Then Little Bear saw the baby. It was in a low place on the ground.

"My baby hides in plain sight," Mother Deer said.

She gave the baby its dinner. Then she said, "Some day she will be a big deer and run fast too. Now we will go away."

They did. She laughed at Little Bear because he tried to run fast like a deer. Mother Bear laughed. Father Bear laughed.

A big black dog came down the road. It ran to the place where Mother Deer left her fawn. It barked loud: "Bow-wow!"

Little Bear ran fast to the baby. He ran faster than the dog. "I will not let the dog get you!" he said to the baby.

Mother Deer came running, too. She told the dog to go away. He did.

"You good Little Bear," Mother Deer said; "you ran like a deer to save my baby!"

"I got my wish," Little Bear said. He laughed and was glad.

GOOD-BY!

By Hugh Fitz

DRAWN BY
DECIE MERWIN

The birds are going far away.
Good-by! Good-by!
We hope you have a pleasant winter
Where it's good and warm;
We'll think of you when winds are blowing
In the cold and storm.

We hate to see you go, but then
You'll soon be coming back again.
Good-by! Good-by!

ROSES

By

Mattie Lee Hausgen



Just suppose
You stood in a rose garden,
dear,
Cheek to cheek
With damask blossoms near,
Breathing their breath, so sweet,
Wafted down lane and street
When breezes blow,
Damp with their dew!
When I came to seek,
How should I know
Which rose
Was you?

FLAGS IN THE AIR

By

Nancy Byrd Turner

There are flags in the air!
From spires and towers
They dip in the wind,
They flutter like flowers.

In garden and park,
From window and hill,
They shine in the sun
And cannot be still.

O beautiful day,
So shining and fair
With story and glory
And flags in the air!

CALAMITY

By

Clara Alexander

THE RAIN

By

Rowena Bastin Bennett

The rain, they say, is a mouse-gray
horse
That is shod with a silver shoe;
The sound of his hoofs can be heard
on the roofs
As he gallops the whole night
through.

DRAWN
BY
BENJAMIN

Little Sally Sue
Has a hole
In her shoe
And little Sally's
Big toe
Sticks
right
through!



KINGS

SOMEWHERE, every day,
They're crowning some boy a
king. At the last hole of a hard-
fought golf match. At the close of
eleven innings, when a sizzling three-
base hit sends the winning run home.
In the shadow of a deadly rival's
goal posts. Over a tennis net, when
the volleying comes to an end at
last with one miraculous, lightning-
swift stroke.

They're on top of the world, those
kings! They went after something
and they got it! Lucky fellows!

Lucky? Don't you believe it! It
takes more than luck to make a boy
a king. It takes a lot of different
things.

First, of course, it takes natural
aptitude—then practice, year after
year. Patience to plug along, correct-
ing faults, perfecting "form." Nerve,
grit, endurance, good-nature under
defeat. And training!

Training. Building the sturdy
body, the keen brain, the steady
nerves which the kings of any sport
must have. Training. Eating the right
food; getting enough sleep, enough
open-air exercise—not once in a
while, but day after day, the year
round. And keeping your body un-
harmful by stimulants.

Coffee and tea, for in-
stance. If you are trying
to build full health and

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Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich., also
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Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and
Grape-Nuts. Your grocer sells Postum in
two forms. Instant Postum, made in the
cup by adding boiling water, is one of the
easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Pos-
tum Cereal is also easy to make, but should
be boiled 20 minutes.

vigor, you simply can't afford to
take either of these drug-drinks.
Did you know that every cup of coffee
contains from 1¼ to 3 grains of
cafein, a dangerous drug stimulant?
Cafein robs the body of energy, up-
sets digestion, causes headaches and
sleeplessness. No wonder coffee is
barred from training-tables!

Yet you like—and you need—a
hot drink at mealtimes. You can
have a delicious, *healthful* drink.
Postum!

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full rich flavor of the golden grain.
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hot milk instead of the usual boiling
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POSTUM CEREAL . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> you prefer
Name _____	
Street _____	
City _____	State _____
In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. 45 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.	

MUSICIAN

By Nancy Byrd Turner



*He could not keep a single tune
Nor count upon a single note.
The lilt came easy, and the rhyme,
But something wayward in his throat
Would spoil the music every time.
The scantest air was sure to stray
And somehow perish by the way.
So, for he knew the humble art
Of yielding, in his patient heart
He wrought one little meagre line,
Of love and supplication blent,—
Four words, two bars, a simple thing,
A fragment that a child might sing,
And mastered that, and was content;
At work, at rest, in storm and calm,
His prayer, his psalm and his psalm.
"O Lord, remember me!" it went.*

*Sometimes 'twould lapse for weeks and then
Come drifting down the stable lot
Timed to a saunter, staid and slow,
Familiar and serene again,
Or sound across the garden plot,
Tuned to the ticking of a hoe;
And often in an hour of gloom
We heard it like a bugle tone
Calling to courage, high and lone
In an old shabby upper room;
Or else, some April morning long,
At brief, contented intervals
It filtered through the study walls,
A low monotony of song
Like droning of a happy bee—
"O Lord, remember me!"*

*And so, when day was in the west
But not one shade of gathering night
Had dulled dear memories in his sight
Or touched the things he loved the best,
With life still sweet and hope still springing
And peace his portion to the last,
He took the summons, clear and late,
And scarcely faltered in his singing,
For almost as he sang he passed
One evening through the open gate—
Upon his brow a faint surprise,
A quickening light, as though he caught
Old echoes in the fair new skies:
His little lowly melody
With unimagined music wrought,
The broken beat, the halting bars,
The wistful, "Lord, remember me!"
In measure with the morning stars;
The song that on and upward led
Sounding beyond earth's utmost rim,
A part of Heaven.*

"Ay," we said,
"His Lord remembered him."

BECAUSE HE COULD WORK

AMONG those who are interested in improving the condition of the physically defective—cripples, the deaf and dumb and the blind—no experience is more common than the desire, in many cases the eagerness, that these unfortunates manifest to help themselves by doing such work as still remains possible to them.

The most intelligent effort is now directed, not so much toward establishing institutions where the physically defective may be cared for, free, as to teaching them occupations by which they can support themselves in self-respecting industry.

This desire for independence is seldom so simply and so touchingly demonstrated as it was in an incident in which Miss Helen Keller recently figured.

Not long ago there came to Miss Keller a letter from an unknown correspondent in the West. The handwriting was precise and labored, the phrasing homely, and in the letter, wrapped in paper, with a care that spoke eloquently of the meaning of money to the writer, was a dollar bill.

"Dear Helen Keller," the letter read, "I have heard about you, and I am sorry for you. I send you a dollar, because I am deaf and dumb, but I can work and you cannot. I work in a factory and have a good job the year round. I wish I had your picture. If

you have a picture that has been printed somewhere in a paper or a magazine and would send it to me, I should think a great deal of it. I would not ask for a photograph, but any picture that has been printed."

A heart as tender as Miss Keller's, but with less insight, might have dictated the return of the money, since her circumstances made the gift quite unnecessary. But instead, with intuitive understanding, she accepted the humble gift in a graceful letter in which she told the unknown giver that it would afford her much pleasure to "buy something with the dollar for herself." She also sent a large photograph, with her signature on it.

In a little while there came this reply: "Dear Helen Keller: Your letter and picture were both received on the 18th of May. You do not know how happy I am. On reading the letter and looking at the picture a thrill of joy came over me. O my friend, I cannot find words to express to you the thanks I feel. May God bless you for your kindness. Inclosed in this letter you will find an envelope and inside of that a dollar which is yours to use as you please; and also a postage stamp to replace the one you put on the picture you sent me. I cannot find it in my heart to allow you to spend a cent for me, as I can work and you cannot."

Could one find anywhere a nobler tribute than this to the dignity and worth of labor?

To be able to give is the finest thing in the world, and to be able to work is to earn the power to give.

A REAL GREENHOUSE

HE had spent many years in Africa, as the representative of the French government in the Congo. He was talking with some members of the Adventurers' Club in Los Angeles when some one mentioned his greenhouse. The stocky French captain laughed, as at a joke.

"Excuse me, but the word reminded me of one I built in the Congo. Sounds like a joke, eh? Well, perhaps it was. I had need of cabins at intervals along my eleven-hundred-mile beat, as your police would call it. With the help of my natives I built several, of different kinds. In one place I decided upon a log cabin. Not knowing the American way of erecting a log cabin, I concluded to use the stockade plan. So I had my black helpers cut logs and dig trenches. The trenches formed an oblong and were three feet deep, in rich, black soil that had never known a drought.

"We set the logs upright and as close together as would just allow a decent chinking and mud plaster. After the logs had been cut to one level we framed rafters and set them. Upon these we placed poles running horizontally. Then the blacks cut marsh

grass, bound it in small bundles and thatched the steep roof. It made a good, comfortable house, and no rain ever came through that roof. The blacks pounded the earth flat and hard inside, for the floor.

"After I had used the cabin for a time I went back to Paris for a six-months furlough. When that was over, I was sent to another part of the French dominions. It was three full years before I again saw my cabin in the Congo. Then I came up the river in a native canoe, with eighteen black paddlers on each side.

"I landed and climbed out, with two trusted men carrying rifles. We walked through the thick jungle to the top of the wide, low mound where my cabin had stood. I could not see it. The forest seemed unusually dense before me, but there was no cabin. I stared in amazement, wondering where it had gone. Then I caught sight of the thatched roof, a small portion only showing between green branches loaded with foliage. It appeared to be much higher than I remembered it. I walked on, saying nothing, for a white man should never show surprise among aboriginal people.

"After a few yards, I picked out the vertical lines of two or three logs, with more branches interlacing across them. When I had come within a few yards, I could see the entire cabin. Tipping my head back, I could look up at the projection of my roof. There was an interval between it and the wall.

"I began a careful investigation, and this is what I found. Every log in the four walls had taken root, like a willow switch in damp soil. Each log had sent forth many branches. The interior of the cabin was filled with them, all woven together inextricably. The outside was almost entirely hidden by branches, twigs and leaves innumerable. But the oddest thing about it was that the new growth had lifted the roof bodily six feet above the walls and held it there, practically intact. Scores of branches propped and braced it.

"The interior would make a fine home for a family of monkeys or birds, but no human being would want it. I backed away from it, shaking my head. Then I heard a noise behind me. Turning, I saw my three dozen black paddlers grouped there. They had stolen silently through the forest to watch the white man. My guards answered my grin with smiles that nearly cut their heads in half. Such a display of human ivory I never saw!

"That, gentlemen, is the story of my African greenhouse, and it was one, literally, greener than any ever seen in the United States. Things grow there in a manner truly amazing, you know."

And the members of the Adventurers' Club tried to rival the dental display of the three dozen black men.

ANY WAY TO CATCH A THIEF

LORENZO DOW, the famous preacher and evangelist, was a most original character, and there are innumerable stories current in the Middle West to illustrate the shrewdness and unexpectedness of his wit. A contributor sends us one of the most amusing.

Mr. Dow's resourcefulness appears to have led him, on one occasion at least, to assume the rôle of detective. At the home of a Methodist brother where Mr. Dow was stopping over Sunday a pig that had been killed on Saturday and left hanging in an open shed was missing the next morning. "Never mind, brother," said Mr. Dow. "I'll find your pig for you."

A little later, as they were on their way to the schoolhouse where Mr. Dow was to preach, he was observed to pick up a stone that lay at the side of the road and drop it into his pocket.

Before opening the services Mr. Dow arose and said abruptly, "Brother Jones had a pig stolen last night, and the man who stole it is here." Then, taking the stone from his pocket, he began to motion as if to throw it as he continued, "Now, look out—look out! When I come to the man who stole the pig I am going to let it fly!" As he proceeded, menacing each man separately, up and down the long rows of seats, one man dodged.

"There, brother, there is the man who stole your pig," said Mr. Dow. "Now, let us pray for his repentance."

As another example of Mr. Dow's eccentric turn of mind, it is related that he once stopped at a hotel where he was not known. The landlord gave him a room in a wing of the building, reached only through a confusing maze of long, irregular hallways. Mr. Dow later reappeared at the office desk and asked for a hatchet.

A CURSE FULFILLED

ONE of the oldest families in England is that of the Tichbornes, which has held for at least eight hundred years its ancestral seat on the river Itchen in southern England. Fifty years ago the name of Tichborne was familiar to everyone, on account of the remarkable suit in which a man who asserted that he was the long-lost heir to the family estates tried to make good his claims. The case lasted for months and was the newspaper sensation of the day. The claimant was at last found to be an impostor, but it cost the Tichbornes nearly half a million dollars in fees and expenses to prove their case.

The family is famous, too, for the ancient dole, or gift of bread, that the head of the family has distributed on Lady Day—the 25th of March—to the poor of the parish, for hundreds of years. There has been one break in the practice, and it is about that break that one of the most extraordinary stories of a legendary curse fulfilled centres.

The tradition is that Dame Mabel, the wife of a certain Roger de Tichborne, who lived twenty generations ago, desired on her deathbed to leave some charitable provision for the worthy poor of the neighborhood. Her husband was less generous, but at her solicitation he agreed to dispense each year the product of as much land as she could crawl around on her hands and knees. The poor old lady, who seemed too weak to get out of bed, nevertheless summoned up strength enough to crawl laboriously round a piece of land twenty-three acres in extent before she fell senseless and dying at her husband's feet. That field is called "the Crawls" to this day.

The unwilling Roger de Tichborne was man enough to keep his end of the bargain, and he and his descendants continued to distribute a generous quantity of bread to the poor on each returning Lady Day. As the

years passed the dole became a famous institution, and it gradually attracted to the neighborhood each year a crowd of sturdy beggars, vagabonds and lawless characters, who became such a nuisance that the local magistrates finally insisted that Sir Henry Tichborne, then the head of the family, discontinue the dole. That was in 1794.

Now a part of the old tradition was that Dame Mabel had pronounced a curse upon any member of the family who should cease to continue the annual alms. The curse declared that in such a case a family of seven sons would be followed by one of seven daughters, when the name would be extinguished and the old home of the family would fall. Sir Henry, who gave up the dole at the magistrate's request, did actually have seven sons, and his eldest son did have seven daughters. Five of Henry's sons died unmarried or left no sons. The third son, Edward, succeeded to the barony in 1835 and at once resumed the practice of the dole, limiting it however to the poor of the parishes of Tichborne and Cheriton. The fourth son, James, who eventually succeeded, had two sons, one born before the dole was reinstituted and the other after that event. The son who was born before the dole was begun again died. He who was born after lived and is the ancestor of the present Sir Roger Tichborne. Moreover, in 1802, a few years after the dole was abandoned, a part of the old family mansion did fall, the rest was pulled down and a new house was built on the same site. These facts are all attested by the best of evidence and offer perhaps the only proved instance of a legendary "curse" being fulfilled to the letter.

The dole is no longer in the form of bread loaves, but about one hundred bushels of flour are given away to those who apply for it—a measure of four quarts to each adult and a half measure to each child.



"The Crawls," the field around which Dame Mabel Tichborne crept on her hands and knees

"A hatchet!" echoed the amazed landlord. "Did you say 'hatchet,' sir?"

"Yes, I asked for a hatchet."

"But, what for, sir, may I ask?" glancing significantly at a gentleman who had just come up behind Mr. Dow, tapping his forehead.

"I want to blaze a trail to my room."

"That's all right, landlord," said the new arrival. "I'll guarantee your safety. This is Mr. Lorenzo Dow."

TRAINMEN'S TALK

EVERY trade has its special vocabulary, almost or quite unintelligible to the uninitiated. The railway man is no exception to the rule. He has an especially rich and ingenious lingo, a partial glossary of which is supplied by the Southern News Bulletin:

King Snipe—Section foreman.
Hog—Locomotive.
Hop Toad—A derail.
Reefers—Refrigerator cars.
Big Hole—Emergency air application.
Master Maniac—Master mechanic.
Hand-out—Free meal.
Bull-fighter—Empty coach.
Old Man—Superintendent.
Pink—Rush telegram.
Ham—Amateur telegrapher.
Sacred Ox—Mallet locomotive.
Hog Head—Locomotive engineer.
Shiner—Trainman's lantern.
Blow-in—Arrival.
Jake—All night.
Rattler—Freight train.
Bear—The sixteen-hour law.
Highball—Proceed signal.
Stinger—A brakeman.
Soldier—Killing time on duty.
Goats—Switch engines.
Snipe—Section laborer.
Zu-Lu—Emigrant outfit.
Snake—A switchman.
Pin-head—Amateur clerk.
Gates—Switches.
Monkey-money—Trip passes.
Madhouse—Roundhouse foreman.
Big O—Conductor.
Hot-shot—Fast through freight train.
Pie Book—Meal ticket book.
Bug—Telegraph instrument.
Crumb-box—Cabooses.

ETIQUETTE IN PERSIA

THE Persians are exceedingly generous with money, says Mr. Thomas Pearson in Asia, but they are miserly enough in matters of prestige. You have to go to Persia to learn the true meaning of that word. I have heard it variously used all my life, but nowhere is it fraught with such awful meaning as in Persia. The proper seating of guests at table, for example, becomes a problem before which even the most valiant quail. In Persia influence and prestige cluster around the centre of the board; those seated at the ends may consider themselves lucky to have been invited at all. A guest quite properly resents being seated below some one whom he considers his inferior and often prefers to remain at home rather than submit to the indignity. The proper way to prepare a room for receiving Persians is to place chairs around the room side by side, with their backs to the walls. In front of the chairs there should be little tables, possibly one table for every four chairs, and on the tables should be fruit and sweets. No one ever disturbs the artistic arrangement of fruits and sweets, but they are essential to the setting of a banquet. At intervals you will send large trays filled with cups of tea about the room.

The first guests arrive, and, having greeted the host, who sits near the door, they make their way to a far corner, where they sit down and spend the first few minutes in taking in every detail of the room and of its furnishings. Then they begin to talk with their neighbors. At intervals more guests come in, and the chairs are filled. Half the fun of a Persian party is watching the other fellow come in. Persians have an interesting habit of remaining seated when a person enters the room, but of bowing and smiling and half rising after the newcomer has taken his chair. The latter acknowledges the courtesy by half rising in unison with the crowd the moment he has touched his chair. This procedure passes the time admirably if you know the game and keep your wits about you. Thus, when a personage enters the room, every one bows and smiles and has a perfectly heavenly time, but when an inconspicuous somebody comes in every one is deep in conversation with his neighbor and pretends he does not see.

Once, after some local disaster, a meeting of public-spirited citizens was called for three o'clock to subscribe funds for relief of the victims. I presented myself at what seemed to me to be the proper time. I was the first to arrive and was ushered out upon a terrace overlooking a famous garden. Around the terrace stood an impressive array of chairs and tables. In due course other persons arrived and chose seats as seemed best to them.

At half past six the most important personage arrived, and the meeting was called to order. After a few appropriate words the main business of the occasion was taken up. A fine book was passed around on a cushion, and every one inscribed his name and after it a sum of money. The idea, I had thought, was to write down what you were prepared to give, but it appeared to be rather to write down what you wanted your neighbor to think you could give. The most prominent personages, to whom of course the book was passed first, set down such staggering figures after their names that the meeting proved to be a success. How much was actually collected from them I do not know.

TWO FLIGHTS

IN his volume of Early Reminiscences Mr. S. Baring-Gould relates an amusing coincidence.

As a little boy of not more than five or six years old, he was driving with his father and mother from the family home at Bratton to Lew House, to visit his grandparents. The equipage was a gig, and he was tucked snugly on the floor at the feet of his elders.

In descending Lew Hill, he says, the horse trod on a rolling stone and fell. Thereupon my father and mother shot like a pair of rockets over my head and the splashboard and fell into the road. I burst out laughing. My father was very angry with me, and my mother looked distressed. When reproached, I said:

"I could not help it; you both looked like rooks taking flight from a field where you had been feeding."

"You bad, unprincipled boy!" said my father wrathfully. "We might both have broken our necks."

"Oh, then I should have cried and not laughed."

"But, my dear," put in my mother, "it was so rude of you to say we looked like rooks."

"I love rooks," said I.

Just fifty years after this I was driving my wife down the same hill in a dogcart, when I told her this story. I had hardly concluded when—both of it!—at the same place down went the horse and I shot out.

No bones were broken, but the knees of my trousers were horribly lacerated. None who have not formed such an attachment can comprehend how lovable an old pair of trousers may be to one. As I was contemplating the rents, I heard my wife laugh, and I looked up half-reproachfully, half-angrily.

"You really looked like an old crow taking flight," said she mischievously. But, observing that I was not placated, with one of her pleasant smiles she added:

"I love an old crow."

JACK TO THE RESCUE

JACK, the dog, and Jill, the cat, are the best of friends. They belong to a Mr. Learmont, who lives near Pacific Beach, in California.

Jill has four cunning little kittens, writes a friend of The Companion. They are the first she has had. The morning after they were born Mr. Learmont took Jack to see them. He told him that they were nice little kittens and that he must be good to them. Jack wagged his tail and Jill put her paws around Jack's neck, and the two licked each other's face. Since then Jack has been just as proud of those kittens as Jill has. He goes to their basket every morning and wags his tail when he finds that they are all right.

When the kittens were about three weeks old Jill went out one evening and was gone all night. In the morning Mr. Learmont said, "Jack, go find Jill and bring her home." Jack smelled around a little and then ran off. He was gone some time; and when he reappeared Jill was trotting by his side.

From people living in the neighborhood Mr. Learmont learned the cause of Jill's absence from her family. An unfriendly dog had chased her up a pole and kept her prisoner there all night. When Jack appeared he chased the dog away, coaxed Jill down and escorted her home.



Service cannot stop

The telephone, like the human heart, must repair itself while it works. The telephone system never rests, yet the ramifications of its wires, the reach of its cables and the terminals on its switchboards must ever increase. Like an airplane that has started on a journey across the sea, the telephone must repair and extend itself while work is going on.

To cut communication for a single moment would interrupt the endless stream of calls and jeopardize the well-being and safety of the community. The doctor or police must be called. Fire may break out. Numberless important business and social arrangements must be made.

Even when a new exchange is built and put into use, service is not interrupted. Conversations started through the old are cut over and finished through the new, the talkers unconscious that growth has taken place while the service continues.

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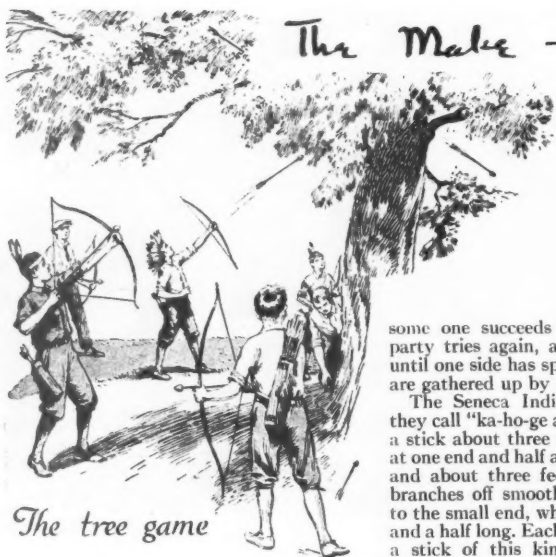


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The tree game

AN INDIAN BOY'S SPORTS—Games with arrows are among the most popular of Indian sports. Try this "tree game" and you'll see why.

About a dozen blunt or knob-headed arrows are shot up into the branches of a large, wide-spreading tree, in such a manner that they are caught and hang there in many different positions. Then at a given signal the boys begin to shoot them down. Every arrow that a boy brings down is his; each one of his own that gets lodged becomes a "prize arrow" for the others to shoot at. Now and then an arrow hugs the limb so closely that it can hardly be seen; eventually all the boys aim at this one, and if they are so unlucky as to lose their own arrows without bringing it down "the tree wins."

Wand games are very simple and are played by the younger boys. The wands are from four to six feet long and as big round as a man's little finger. They are merely peeled switches of any kind of shrub, usually the common red willow. To decorate a wand in Indian fashion you must take off with a sharp knife a long strip of bark; then, having scraped off all the rest of the bark, wind your ribbon of bark spirally round the peeled wand. After fastening each end securely, hold it over a smudge fire until it is well smoked. Then remove the strip and you will find a spiral of white against the deep yellow of the uncovered wood. Sometimes two strips are wound in opposite directions, leaving yellow diamonds bordered with white.

The wand is pitched and made to strike at the start upon an inclined mound or a low horizontal bar, from which a skilled thrower makes it bound and sail through the air like an arrow, sometimes as far as fifty yards. From two to a dozen boys choose sides. The side winning the toss sends the first wand, and the other side follows, each boy of that side playing in turn as long as any one fails to pass the first throw. When

TAG FOOTBALL—Although the regular game of football is strictly an autumn sport, there has sprung into popularity of late a variation of the great game, called tag football, that can be played at any season.

Tag football has a number of advantages to recommend it to youthful enthusiasts of the gridiron. First, it can be played all the year round; second, a regular, lined gridiron is not a necessity; third, it is a wonderful training for the boy who wants to become a good player of the regular game; and, fourth, it can be played by any number of players, depending on the size of the space available.

If you would like to go out and try a game of tag football after reading this, here is the way you should go about it, together with a few fundamental rules that you must follow:

Select any open space, the larger the better. Establish goal lines at either end and midway between them mark the center of the field. When you get the playing field ready, elect two captains and choose sides. The sides having been selected, the referee tosses a coin, and the winning captain may elect to kick off or to receive or may select either goal to defend.

These preliminaries over, you are ready to start the game. The side kicking off will line up, as in regular football, about ten

some one succeeds in passing it the first party tries again, and the game continues until one side has spent all its wands, which are gathered up by the winners.

The Seneca Indians have a game that they call "ka-ho-ge and the grely." They cut a stick about three fourths of an inch thick at one end and half an inch thick at the other and about three feet long. They trim the branches off smooth except one very close to the small end, which is left about an inch and a half long. Each player is provided with a stick of this kind, which is called the "ka-ho-ge."

A small crotch, or forked branch, is then cut, resembling the one commonly used for a rubber-band sling shot. But the two prongs should be longer, six inches being about right, and the part corresponding to the handle of the sling is cut much shorter. Two inches is a good length. This crotch is the "grely," and only one is used, no matter how many may be playing.

The players choose sides; if there is not an even number, one large boy can be traded for two small ones. Two lines are marked off, one on each side of the grounds. They do not have to be any certain distance apart. They may be as close as three rods or as far apart as five rods, but they should extend clear across the grounds. If the grounds are only two rods wide, the game can be played very

well. These lines can be marked in any convenient manner, as by small stones placed every three or four feet along the line.

After each side has selected its goal, it should line up behind it to begin the game. A player on either side—it doesn't matter which—takes the grely and places it on his ka-ho-ge just behind the short branch, as shown in one of the drawings.

The object of the game is for each side to get the grely over the opponents' goal line. The grely must not be touched by the hands. It is to be handled only with the ka-ho-ge even when it falls on the ground. A player cannot touch another player or trip him, although he may get in front of him if he likes.

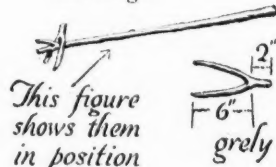
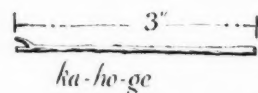
The grely may be thrown from one player to another, but some player of the winning side must carry it over the line on his ka-ho-ge. That is, a player may throw it to one of his men standing near the goal line, and the one receiving it may carry it over and win. The side that gets the grely over the goal line twice out of three times wins the game.

A player who breaks any rule must retire until one side or the other has succeeded in crossing the line.

The player who has the grely to begin with shouts and starts across the field. The players on each side at once scatter out over the grounds, experience soon teaching them the



Ka-ho-ge and the grely



This figure shows them in position

best position to take. Of course some player on the opposing side will try to pick the grely off the ka-ho-ge with his own stick. This is prevented by dodging. In order to prevent the grely from dropping while he is running and dodging and to make it more difficult to steal it from his ka-ho-ge an Indian boy will move his ka-ho-ge in a small circle and so make the grely whirl round it very rapidly. It requires some skill to do this, but the ka-ho-ge may be held almost straight over the head. Then the only way to get the grely is to strike the stick with your own, and so knock it to the ground.

When a player cannot dodge his opponent, he will throw the grely to another of his own side. If he throws too high, it may go over into the hands of an enemy; and if he throws too low, an enemy may intercept it. A skillful player can catch the grely on his stick when it is quite high. If he does, he will at once set it whirling and start running, or, if he is too hard pressed, he will throw it to another of his own side. Sometimes the grely will go from one party to the other for half an hour before any player can carry it over.

Girls can play this game, as it is almost impossible for anyone to be injured and requires speed and quick thinking rather than great strength. It may be played on almost any school grounds and by almost any number of players from four or five up to fifteen or twenty or more.

A WORD FROM THE EDITORS

The Make-It and Do-It Pages are now a weekly feature of The Companion. The articles that appear in their various columns—Things to Make, Things to Do, Stamps to Stick, Nuts to Crack, Books to Read and Games to Play—are all written by authorities. If you have any questions about the contents of the pages you should address them to The Department Editor, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., who will do

his best to get an answer for you from a man or woman well qualified to know. Every answer will be sent by personal letter; so send a two-cent stamp when you write. Questions that appear to be of considerable general interest about all sorts of conditions and things will likewise be answered in the column called Things to Talk About, where editors and readers have a chance to speak directly with one another.

TWO PRIZE CONTESTS

\$50 was offered to school editors in The Companion of September 17.

The contest is still open.

\$100 will be offered in The Companion of October 29. The contest, which concerns books, is for all boys and girls under fifteen years of age.

yards back from the centre of the field. The receiving side spreads out to receive the kick-off. The player receiving the kick-off may run with it toward the opponents' goal until "tagged," which is like a down; the ball is then dead, and the play starts from that point.

On the line-up at least half the players on each side must be on the line of scrimmage. More may be there if desired. This applies to both sides. The centre passes the ball to any man in the back field, who may forward-pass it to any man who was on the line of scrimmage or, of course, run with it himself. The receiver of a forward pass may run with it until tagged. The same rule applies to the back-field man who elects to run with the ball; he may run until tagged.

The forward pass must go over the line of scrimmage. A forward pass received behind the line of scrimmage is incomplete. There must be but one forward pass in a play.

The players on the offensive side may form interference for the man carrying the ball by interposing themselves between the runner and the opponents. Players acting as interference are not allowed to throw themselves at the opponents or use hands. All interference must be done standing up.

A certain number of tags, or downs, depending on the size of the field and agreed

on at the start of the game, will be allowed the team having the ball when it carries it over for a goal. Failure to make a score in the allotted number of tags will result in the loss of the ball to the other side, who then have the same number of tags to forward-pass and run the ball back for a score.

A goal counts one point and is accomplished by carrying the ball over the goal line from scrimmage before being tagged. This can be done either by a back-field man running with the ball or by a linesman who has received a forward pass. After a goal the ball is kicked off again, the side scored on electing to receive or kick off as it wishes.

A certain length of time, divided into quarters, may be used to determine the play, or a certain number of advances—that is, times the ball was in the possession of each side—may decide the duration of the game.

Here are a few rules that ought to be lived up to in all tag football games:

Fumble. A fumbled ball is anybody's ball and belongs to the side that recovers it.

Forward Pass. It must go over the line of scrimmage and be received by a man who was on the line of scrimmage. The penalty for violation of this rule is one tag, or down.

Interference. For the illegal use of hands or legs in interference one down

will be imposed on the offending side.

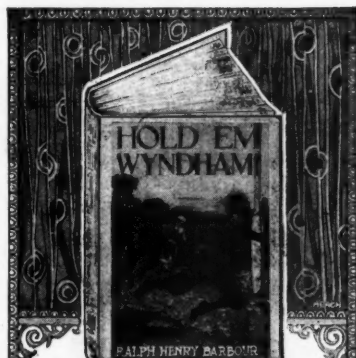
Line. Players in the line may attempt to block out the opponents simply by interposing themselves in their way. Holding, pushing and roughing will be a violation of the rules and cause a penalty of a down. Linesmen breaking through to either break up a play or to get down the field to receive a pass must not attempt to upset the opponents. The penalty is a down.

Any player making more than two fouls—that is, causing more than two penalties on his side—will be put out of the game.

You will notice that the penalties imposed are all downs. This is so because the field where tag football may be played is not standard. A penalty of ten yards on one field may be a very small penalty, whereas on another field it might be a very big one.

In all cases where penalties are imposed the ball is brought back to the point from which the play started. When the penalty is imposed upon the defensive side the number of downs allowed the side with the ball is increased.

You will also notice that there is no tackling. It is the idea of tag football to develop skill and quickness. The clearest brain, the quickest eye, the swiftest foot will have the advantage.



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Note: The price of The Companion is now only \$2 a year. A "new" subscription is one that places the paper in a home where it has not been taken the past year.

The Youth's Companion
Boston, Mass.

Things to Do Especially for Girls

THE BANJO—The origin of the banjo is obscure. Some authorities claim that it is the lineal descendant of the ravanstron, a stringed instrument of India, many centuries old, which in a modified form found its way to Africa, and was brought from that country to America. Others accept the story current in the South that a negro of Banjomas, Java, desiring an instrument to accompany his voice, took a cheese box, covered it with goat or sheep skin, thrust a handle through it, strung it with violin strings, and thus produced the instrument that took its name from that of his native town. It is, however, generally agreed that, whatever its origin, the perfection and use of the banjo in this country justly entitle it to be regarded as an American instrument.

The player sits, holding the banjo so that the body of the instrument may rest on her right thigh and at an angle that admits of stopping the strings with the fingers of the left hand and of striking them with the fingers of the right, the thumb being used for the melody string, which is always played as an open string. The thumb may also be used for the third and fourth strings; the first and second fingers are used for the first and second strings; the third is rarely used; and the fourth finger rests on the instrument.

The banjo may be used as a solo instrument or for accompanying either the voice or other instruments. It is especially adapted to bright and lively music and to marches. When it is used as a solo instrument, a plectrum, or pick, may be used for playing arpeggio passages or for producing tremolo effects.

The tone of the banjo does not blend well with that of the mandolin. The guitar and the banjo seem especially to belong together, the banjo being used for the melody and the guitar for the accompaniment. The banjo clubs so popular in college life are made up of first and second banjos, an equal number of guitars being used for accompaniment.

For many years music for the banjo was written in sharps; recently it has been written in the C notation, a change that adds greatly to the ease of playing the banjo with other instruments.

A good banjo may be had for thirty dollars. It may, however, be so richly ornamented as to head and neck and so plated with gold or silver as to become an expensive instrument.

Any girl with a good ear need not hesitate to take up the banjo, as she will find it a comparatively easy instrument to play. If she be a singer, she will find that in learning to accompany herself she has added definitely to her power to entertain. It is the sort of instrument that any girl may enjoy playing a little.

Modern instrument makers have made three new banjos: the tenor, or cello, banjo, which has four metal strings; the mandolin banjo, which has the neck of the mandolin with the body of the banjo, and is played as a mandolin; and the guitar banjo, which has the neck of the guitar with the body of the banjo and is played as a guitar. These instruments, having more of the "twang" of the banjo tone, are less musical than the usual forms of the banjo, mandolin and guitar, and time alone will show whether they are permanent additions to the instruments of the musical world.

The Department Editor

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., answers inquiries from subscribers about the contents of these pages.



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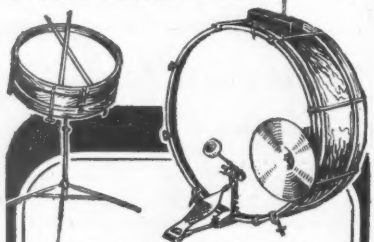
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Things to Do

FOR SCHOOL JOURNALISTS—Newspapers like to print what they call "human interest" articles, or special features in which an effort is made to be entertaining rather than instructive. A straight news story aims only to present the facts in the most concise and convenient form, while the "human interest," or feature, story aims first of all to please.

The value of a feature story lies not in its timeliness but in the story itself. Feature stories brighten a newspaper and for that reason are especially valuable for the school publication. No student's paper is popular if it has a reputation for dryness. Such a reputation, however, will not fasten itself on the publication that includes in every issue two or three well-written feature stories bearing directly on the school and school activities.

Nearly every school activity presents at least one opening for a good feature story. The school cafeteria, the annual health examination, the nursing service, unique social events or entertainments, adventures of prominent students or professors, the hobbies of teachers, the style of haircuts prevailing in the school, interviews with the janitors, the cook at school functions, the checkroom girl at school functions, the office secretaries, are suggestions for some of the feature stories that might be written.

It takes skill to write a good feature story. The hardest part is to find an effective way to begin. Which fact belongs at the top? What is the best way to introduce the outstanding feature? How can the story be told so that its point will be reached most effectively? Once the first fifty words are written satisfactorily, the rest of the story flows easily.

Suppose a school reporter had received an assignment to write a story on the "lost and found" collection in the principal's office. One way of beginning such a story would be:

"The students of Thurston High School would lose their heads if they were not made fast. Pens and pencils, jewelry, candy and forbidden fruit, are some of the things that collect weekly in the desk of Professor Benton."

That story loses its first opportunity to arouse interest. The article is not primarily about the students of Thurston High School, but about the things they lose. A better way to begin is to put the most important things first:

"More pencils are lost every week in the halls of Thurston High School than are issued from Miss Burton's office in the same length of time. At least that is what 'Bely,' the janitor, declares, after he sifts them out of the debris during his weekly house-cleaning."

A short lead, frequently of only a line or two, is usually better than a long one.

Do not forget that the details make a feature story live. They must be well chosen and ably presented. Use only details and instances that are outstanding and unique.

Simple, straight-forward language is important in a feature story. "Fine writing," which means the use of long words and fanciful expressions where concrete and direct statements are more forceful, is never good form. It is never used in any sort of writing for newspapers. Technical language is out of place in any story.

An anecdote at the beginning of a story is sometimes an excellent way to arouse initial interest. A clever school feature story begins like this:

"The door burst open suddenly, and a flurried and hurried individual dashed out, leaping down the steps three at a time. He sprang determinedly at the strap that floated from the rear of the red Bellville bus as it swung round the corner on its new schedule five minutes earlier than usual, but missed it. Doctor Kline was the only Bellville commuter who failed to make the grade the first day."

Special features include such writing as personality sketches and descriptions of processes or methods used in school activities or in connection with school interests. An interview with the cashier of the bank that handles the school thrift accounts is an example of the latter, while a clever little series of "Mirrors of the Faculty" might illustrate the former idea.

Stamps to Stick

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—Collectors the world over are interested in plans that are maturing for what may prove to be the greatest international philatelic exhibition ever undertaken. It will be held during eight days in October, 1926, in the Grand Central Palace, New York City. The sponsors have rented thirty thousand square feet of floor space, and stamp collections from many countries will be displayed, with medals offered as awards for the finest.

Charles Lathrop Pack, internationally known in forestation work, who also is a noted American collector, is the exhibition's president, and the vice presidents include E. R. Ackerman, one of New Jersey's Representatives in Congress; J. S. Frelinghuysen, former United States Senator from New Jersey; Col. E. H. R. Green, son of the late "Hetty" Green, "the richest woman in the world"; Arthur Hind, a Utica, New York, manufacturer, who possesses a collection reputed to be worth \$1,000,000; and other well known Americans who are philatelists of note.

Committees have been appointed to raise funds, conduct the exhibition and handle publicity and other details, and a tentative programme has been sent to leading philatelic societies throughout the world with requests that suggestions be submitted as to how the programme may be improved. Judges of awards will include eminent philatelists in the United States, Canada, Great Britain and countries of continental Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and South America. An announcement by the publicity committee, headed by Representative Ackerman, includes the following:

"Arrangements are being made to give special attention to junior collectors. It is proposed to screen off a section of the floor space and provide a place where lectures can be given each afternoon and evening; these will be illustrated with lantern slides whenever practicable. Our aim will be to show the public that there is much in stamp collecting as an aid to education."

Meanwhile noted American collectors are quietly acquiring hundreds of rare stamps with a view to entering collections in competition for the awards. One philatelist recently paid \$60,000 for a specialized collection.

An Error—On the 3-cent and 14-cent values of the current Canal Zone series—United States stamps surcharged "Canal-Zone" in small capital letters—has been discovered the wrongly-worded overprint "Zone-Zone." The variation occurs on the eighth stamp in the second horizontal row of each sheet. It is presumed that elsewhere on some of these sheets must appear the inscription "Canal-Canal" and that such an error will crop up in due time.

Colors—We know that certain colors for stamps used for certain types of postal service are decreed by the Universal Postal Union. For stamps to prepay postage on letters to foreign countries the color is blue. Thus the current 5-cent stamp of our own country, the adhesive bearing Theodore Roosevelt's portrait, is blue. Until recently Canada's foreign letter rate has been ten cents, and so the 10-cent stamps have been blue. Now that fee has been reduced to eight cents. Accordingly a new value, an 8-cent stamp, has been issued, and it is blue. This has made it necessary to choose a new color for the 10-cent stamps, and light brown has been designated.

It is because the postal rates of France and French colonies have been altered so frequently, owing to the depreciation of the French franc, that literally several hundred color changes in the stamps of those governments have taken place during the past few years. Very recent changes have affected the stamps of French Guinea, French Oceania, Martinique and Senegal, to mention only a few. The stamps of other lands, notably Italy, have had similar color disturbances, and numerous stamps of newly selected values have been issued by various countries to meet various new rates. All of which makes philately more interesting.



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*You may win \$100—and have
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WE WANT you boys to tell us, from your personal experience, how sure-footedness helped you at some critical moment. So we are offering \$500 in cash prizes for the most interesting letters.

The prizes are as follows:-

First Prize	\$100
Second Prize	50
Third, Fourth	25 each
Fifth and Sixth Prizes	10 each
Ten Prizes of	5 each
Thirty Prizes of	5 each

(46 Prizes in all)

YOUR letter may describe any situation where sure-footedness helped you. Perhaps you were in a basket-ball game and just before time was called, you dodged your opponents and shot the winning goal. Perhaps quick foot-work helped you to win a boxing match.

Or in a foot-race (indoors or out) you nosed out the other runners on the home stretch. Or in a base-ball game, fast sprinting on the bases brought you to the plate before the ball got there.

Your story doesn't even have to be about a game or sport. You may have done some difficult climbing where a slip would have been dangerous. You may have been fishing on slippery rocks where sure-footedness kept you from a ducking.

Prizes will be awarded to the boys whose letters tell about the most interesting experiences in the most interesting way. Your experience may be one that has happened in the past, or happens between now and the time the contest ends on February 1st, 1926. Contest is open to everybody, whether you wear Grip Sure Sports Shoes or shoes of any other make.

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*brings you victory and safety—
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YOU have to be fast and sure on your feet to be a winner. In basket-ball, running, boxing, wrestling, bowling—any kind of sport, indoors or out—you must start, run, dodge, stop, turn without the slightest danger of slipping.

That's why boys who are winners—who know the importance of speed with safety—prefer Grip Sures to any other sport shoe.

Grip Sures are the only shoes with the patented suction cup soles that take a sure hold the instant your feet touch the floor. You feel safe—protected against all fear of slips or skids. This gives you confidence.

Then, too, the patented soles of Grip Sures have a springiness and liveliness that helps your speed. These soles are spongy and thick (though light in

weight) to form a cushion that takes away jolts and jars.

Thus Grip Sures give you the speedy sure-footedness that brings victory to you and your team. And your story about how sure-footedness helped you at some critical moment may win you a cash prize.

The Top Notch Cross on the ankle patch and the name Grip Sure on the soles identify the genuine Grip Sures. You will find them much more comfortable than stiff leather shoes—lighter in weight—easier on your feet. And no sports shoe can equal them in long-wearing qualities.

Your shoe dealer or sporting goods dealer probably has Grip Sures in stock; if not, he will get them for you if you insist. THE BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE COMPANY, Dept. MI, Beacon Falls, Conn.

The Top Notch Cross on any canvas shoe guarantees long, satisfactory wear. Always look for it.

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Every boy should know how to play soccer.

A good soccer player must "team" well with his fellow players. He must be swift. He must have strength and all-round good health. Good digestion is due largely to eating the right food and chewing it well. Good teeth are an important part of Good Digestion. Watch out for your teeth - as carefully as you watch your opponent on the field. Brush them after every meal and before bedtime if you hope to become a good athlete.

Sincerely yours,

A. Bawlf
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Headwork - Teamwork

A good soccer player must use his head — not only to hit the ball — but to think out the plays.

Good headwork requires all-round condition. So does good teamwork. If you hope to stay in trim, your teeth must have the best of care.

"Watch out for your teeth"
—Coach Bawlf says. He knows. At Cornell University he

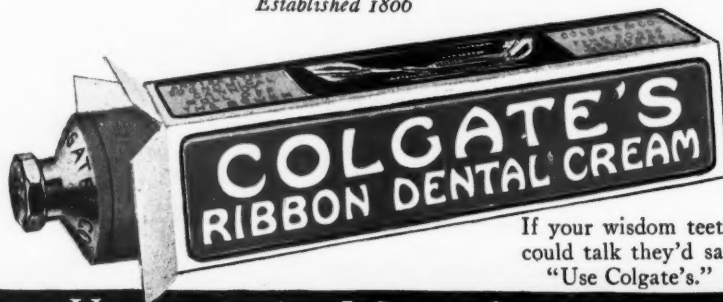
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